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Reader's Digest

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NO. 83

MARCH, 1929

CAN YOU PRONOUNCE THEIR NAMES?

Most of us gulp and are often miserable because persons with unusual names have a way of acquiring fame and have to be talked about. *Wilson's Bulletin* comes to the rescue with the following list:

Hilaire Belloc, Hilary Bellock.
William Rose Benet, Ben'ny.
J. D. Beresford, Ber ris furd.
Blasco Ibanez, Blas ko E Ban yeth.
Van Wycke Brooke, Y in middle name long.
Heywood Broun, rhymes with spoon.
James Branch Cabell, rhymes with gabble.
Benjamin de Casseres, De Cas'ser es, accent on "Cas."
Willa Cather, the ath in Catholic.
Karel Capek, Chop'ek, accent first syllable.
Royal Cortissoz, Cor teeszos, accent "teez."
John Dos Passos, Dos Pas'sos (both o's as in toss; a aa in hat).
Walter De La Mare, rhymes with stair and stresses like Delaware.
Theodore Dreiser, Dry'ser.
Dostoievsky, Daw staw yev'skee. Accent "yev."
Lord Dunsany. Accent first syllable.
St. John Ervine, Sin'jun Er'vyne. Accent "Sin" and "Er."
John Galsworthy, first syllable rhymes with hauls.
Garet Garett, both names alike, and like the garret of a house.
Katharine Fullerton Gerould, Jer o.
Arthur Guiterman, Geeter man; hard g.
Joseph Hergesheimer, Herges heimer; hard g.
Emerson Hough, Huff.
Dean Inge, rhyme with sing.
Jerome K. Jerome, Jer'ome K. Jer'ome; accent "Jer."
John Maynard Keynes, rhymes with pains.
Joseph Wood Krutch, Krootch.
Vachel Lindsay, first name rhymes with Rachel.
Percy Mackaye, accent last syllable, rhyming with high.
Don Marquis, Mar'kwis.
Somerset Maugham, Mawm.
Mendoza, Men do'tha; accent "do."
Dhan Gopal Mukerji, Dahn Go'pal Moo her' jee; accent "her."
Alice Meynell, Men'ell, accent "Men."
Baroness Orczy, Ort'sy.
Ossendowski, Os sen doff'ske; accent "doff."
Papini, Pa pee'nee, accent "pee."
Peixotto, Pay show tow.
John Cowper Powys, Po'is, accent "Po."
Michael Pupin, Pu-peen, accent last syllable.
George Santayana, San-ta-ya'na; all a's broad, accent "ya."
Sheila Kaye-Smith, Shee'la Kay'Smith (accent as in locksmith).
Simeon Strunsky, rhymes with fun.
Lytton Strachey, Stray'chee'. ch as in church.
John Addington Symonds, Sim'monds.
Albert Payson Terhune, Ter hune'; u as in tune, accent last syllable.
Joseph P. Tumulty, Tum'ulty (rhymes with gum), accent "Tum."
Louis Untermeyer, rhymes with higher.
Hendrik Van Loon, rhymes with lone.
William Butler Yeats, Yates.

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A Subscriber's Suggestion

A woman whose speaking engagements take her to all parts of the country has urged that a subscription coupon be inserted in THE READER'S DIGEST which could be detached without mutilating the magazine.

Many people, she stated, express a desire to subscribe after seeing her copy; hence, a detachable order form would be a convenience both to herself and to the prospective subscriber.

So here is the handy order blank. May it serve its purpose when the next person evinces interest at having made the discovery of THE READER'S DIGEST on your library table.

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Pleasantville, New York

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Seventh Year **MARCH 1929** **Vol. 7, No. 83**

Progress

¶ This issue inaugurates a long-looked-forward-to improvement in The Reader's Digest, namely, an increase in size from 64 to 96 pages, so as to permit the use of large, readable type.

¶ The total number of words remains approximately the same as heretofore. That is, a three-page article in the new type is the same length as a two-page article formerly.

¶ The success of The Reader's Digest has been due largely to the gratifying interest subscribers have always evidenced in introducing the magazine in quarters where it is unknown.

¶ In the belief that in its new form subscribers will feel that the magazine has an even wider appeal, particular attention is directed to the inserts in the front and back of this issue.

When We're Through Changing We're Through

Condensed from The American Magazine (February, '29)

Bruce Barton

FIVE men had gathered around a table to discuss a sick business of which they were directors. The conversation started haltingly. It was evident that each of them was holding something back. Finally the oldest man in the group cleared his throat.

"Why do we beat about the bush any longer?" he asked. "We all know the truth. You are waiting for me to speak because for 30 years I have been Joe Hilton's friend. There is just one trouble with that company — Joe Hilton. The man who built it, who loves it as he loves his children, is slowly putting it to death."

Then, with relief, they all began to speak at once. "His designing department is two years behind his competitors," said one. "I sent him a famous production engineer," said another, "who had a good suggestion, but he refused to talk to him."

"I'm his best friend," said the first speaker, "and I'd rather lose an arm than do this job, but we're traitors to our stockholders if we let this thing go on. It isn't that he's too old in years, but he's let himself get old in mind. Conditions are changing every month, every week. And Joe goes on unchanged. . . ."

Thus it was that a grand old business was given a new young president a few years ago.

Here is another story which has to do with railroad cars. In a middle-western city there is a factory almost a mile long — a very big plant. For years it prospered, and poured millions of dollars into the laps of its owners. Then there came rumors of cars made out of steel. Absurd idea, thought the owners of the big plant. Who would want to ride in a steel car?

But there were accidents on the railroads, in which both wooden cars and the newfangled steel cars were involved. People in the wooden cars were killed. There began a public demand for steel cars. Legislatures passed laws.

Still the proud old factory stood firm; and standing firm it is today. But the wheels no longer turn inside its walls; the glass in its windows is broken; the stock-

holders have written off their losses. All because a new idea appeared and an old industry was too proud to change.

Years ago Henry Ford said, "There is only one thing in business that is certain and that's change. I don't know what tomorrow is going to be like, but I do know that it's bound to be different from yesterday and today."

An interesting statement, which I often remembered. But a curious thing happened. Mr. Ford got the idea that his business might somehow escape the law of change. When the public was asking for more life and color in their automobiles, he said, "They can have any color they want so long as it's black." When somebody wondered why he was building airplanes, he replied: "To give my engineers something to play with so they will quit trying to monkey with the Ford car." And so the time came when his great plants were threatened with closing. He had to change.

Given only a little more brains I might have made a fortune out of any of the many changes which I have witnessed in American life.

Take the movement of population from the country to the city. The census figures indicated that it was beginning more than half a century ago, and each new census has shouted the story. If I had taken my first $1000 and made a payment on property near the center of Chicago or New York, and just let it lie, I might now be spending my winters on the Riviera.

One of my first magazine assignments was to write a piece about this dangerous new social phenomenon known as moving pictures. I went down to the penny arcade and saw some movies, which were terrible. A police sergeant who censored all the films for Chicago showed me the portions he had cut out of the pictures — murder scenes, drunken scenes, indecent scenes. Surely, this new business would never amount to anything: the pictures were too vile. But wiser men saw the possibilities for good pictures, and another great industry grew up.

I was around when the automobile started, when the motion picture was in its infancy, when radio was a creaking toy; and I was too timid to believe. Looking back, it seems as if every one of these great developments was clearly evidenced in advance, as indeed it was, though most of us were too blind to see it. The future is always partially clear to those who look earnestly enough ahead.

Moreover, this law of change has a very definite use in helping us to live up to the limit of our

possibilities, of making the most of the great game of living. It applies to the important matter of habits. Everybody ought to read William James's stimulating *Talks to Teachers*. In them he discusses how impossible life would be without the benevolent aid of habits. Suppose that it took you just as long to dress yourself every morning as it did when you were first learning; or to run your office; or to drive your car. Life would be impossible; progress would cease.

Habit is both our salvation and our peril. It preserves us from the tyranny of trifles, but it tempts us into ruts. William James startled his audience by the statement that the average man is an old fogy at 25. By that age, he said, Mr. Man has acquired his little stock of ideas and practices which are enough to make him a living. Henceforth he becomes purely a creature of habit, his mind closed tight against new ideas.

"We all intend, when young, to be all that may become a man, but the destroyer cuts us down," he says, and points out the importance of jarring ourselves forcibly out of ruts by systematic and, if necessary, violent disturbances of our routine. "Once in every so often we ought to clean our desks, turn them at an angle of 180 degrees and look at a different wall or out of a different window, and get a new light on our daily affairs. If it is our custom to go to bed every night at nine o'clock then we should stay up occasionally all night, and see the city, and our fellow men, under the stars and the arc lamps. If we lunch every day at the same place, and with the same group, let us make it a rule at least once a week to lunch elsewhere and talk with and listen to different people."

C. F. Kettering, the brilliant engineer, has a game which he calls "going into mental competition with ourselves." It is played after this fashion: You say — "Suppose I were to lose my job today and take another job with our competitor across the street. I should look back at this company then and say, 'There are certain weaknesses in it; certain things ought to be changed.'" Says Kettering: "Why wait to lose your job? Why not make the changes at once?"

If we don't make changes for ourselves, time and circumstances will make them for us, and usually at a very high cost. Change is certain. And, generally speaking, we are wise if we expect that the changes are to be big instead of little; if we build our hopes on a country destined to outgrow even the boldest imagination.

The subways of New York involved an enormous investment,

but before the first one was finished it was already outgrown. The General Motors building in Detroit was labeled "Durant's Folly." Miles from the depot, in an unbuilt section of the city, the biggest office building in the world looked as if it would always be at least half empty. Today it is full, and an even bigger building is going up across the street.

The biggest men have remained open-minded right up to the end. Consider Benjamin Franklin, how eagerly his mind reached out for new ideas even in his very old age. He sat in front of a fire which smoked. "Why couldn't there be a stove that would have the charm of a fireplace and not smoke?" he said. And he invented the Franklin stove. Going across to Europe for the last time, he stayed on deck and kept dropping his measuring line and his thermometer over the stern of the boat to add to his knowledge of ocean temperatures and currents.

Bacon, pondering on the problem of preservation of meat, left his sleigh, stepped out into the wet, and stuffed a chicken with snow. He caught a cold that shortened his life — but his body died before his brain. Darwin was constantly seeking criticism of his book on the origin of species, and revising and changing it as his ideas changed. Said Laplace, the great astronomer, on his deathbed: "What we know is nothing; what we have to learn is immense."

That is the spirit of eternal youth. Such a mind must expect to reverse itself often, but as Emerson exclaimed, "A foolish consistency is the hobgoblin of little minds. If you would be a man, speak what you think to day in words as hard as cannon balls, and tomorrow speak what tomorrow thinks in hard words again."

Summed up in different language, the secret of genius, as Carlyle said, is to carry the spirit of childhood into old age. We should live as children — with boundless curiosity about the future. With little care for the morrow so long as it be different from today. With no petty regard for what we have done in the past; flexible, growing, hoping, trying, ready for any change.

With Hoover in South America

Condensed from The Review of Reviews (February, '29)

Mark Sullivan

MR. HOOVER'S South American journey will stand out as one of the most important contributions ever made by an American statesman to good-will on the American continents, and to the smooth functioning of diplomatic and economic relations. Yet he refrained from discussions of policy. In all his speeches he never used the word "policy" or "doctrine" in the ordinary sense. His statements were expressions of neighborliness. "Good-will," said Mr. Hoover in Peru, "is not a policy; it is a deduction from a series of actions."

Mr. Hoover was met at the seaport in Honduras by the newly elected President, who had with him some leaders of the political party opposed to him. He made Mr. Hoover's call the occasion for an announcement — rather unprecedented in that part of the world — that he proposed to have a coalition government and coöperation between the political parties. That was the first of several examples of a particular kind of good-will that arose from Mr. Hoover's trip — a local, domestic spirit of harmony arising by infection, so to speak.

The same sort of thing, more striking in form, occurred in Nicaragua, the most conspicuous recent arena of political rancour in Latin America. Mr. Hoover returned to the *Maryland* accompanied by three men of strongly opposed political affiliations — the President, the newly-elected President, and an ex-President. Their respective followers had within a few months been in arms against one another. To the three, Mr. Hoover tendered a lunch, at which his personality and his words clearly had the measurable effect on his guests of amity, in a quarter of the world where amity among leaders is the most needed requisite to national peace.

The visit to Costa Rica was marked by an incident characteristic of the whole tour. The President of Costa Rica, with some of his cabinet, rode from the capital back to the *Maryland*, with Mr. Hoover. For five hours on the train they conversed steadily, a flow of information and friendly exchange of judgment.

This sort of informal exchange between Mr. Hoover and the

local head of state in the republics of Central and South America, composed one of the most useful aspects of the journey, less conspicuous than the public ceremonies in each country, but certainly not less productive of sound understanding and wise action in the future. In this sort of relation, Mr. Hoover's capacity to be of service was unique. He has an engineer's knowledge of practically every local industry in Latin America; he knows the world economic currents, and how local industries can best fit themselves into the broader streams. These conversations not only contributed to Mr. Hoover's equipment for enlarging the future exchanges of the United States with Latin American countries; in addition they must have been fruitful to the Latin American statesmen who took part in them. In a sense, these conversations had the informality of neighboring farmers discussing each other's crops.

In Ecuador, during two seven-hour voyages on the Guayaquil River, officials of the Government were aboard — another occasion when Mr. Hoover was able to learn more about the relations between his own country and another than is often possible to any one man. It was obvious that President Ayora liked Mr. Hoover and that Mr. Hoover liked him; in an old American phrase, they "cottoned to each other," and on the way there was practically constant conversation between them. In his final good-bye, Dr. Ayora used unconsciously, for his last wave of the hand, the one that held an American sailor's cap and a *Maryland* ribbon, destined for his own little boy. One feels like saying there was never a more agreeable meeting between heads of state than that between Dr. and Mrs. Ayora and Mr. and Mrs. Hoover.

Along the modern cement highway between the port of Callao and Lima, the capital of Peru, were a forest of banners of welcome, among them many that illustrated at once the friendliness of the Peruvians and their instinctive understanding of how best to show good-will — banner after banner stretched across the road uniting the two heads of state "Hoover-Leguia."

The crowds that lined the route of the parade for miles in Santiago, Chile, were as great as those of any large American city on a gala occasion. One saw them peer intently at Mr. Hoover; observed that with the quick insight into personality which is their racial characteristic, they were "sizing him up"; saw a quick smile of approval, and noticed that they turned

brightly to their neighbors and nodded with a gesture and expression which, in our vernacular, would have amounted to saying "he's a good guy, he's all right."

President Irigoyen of Argentina had been described to us as a strong, silent man who had never made a public speech; almost never appeared at a public function, and had never gone to the railroad station to meet a visitor. However, he went to the station to meet Mr. Hoover, accompanied him on the parade through the crowds, made a genuinely warm-hearted speech about Mr. Hoover and the United States; and in all respects created, for himself and for his people, an impression of sincere good-will and of happy confidence in the United States.

To South Americans, Mr. Hoover symbolized and personified the United States; they approved him, liked him, thought him dependable, and acquired confidence in him — which means that they have the same emotions and convictions about the United States, and attribute Mr. Hoover's personal qualities to us all as a nation.

But to as great a degree Mr. Hoover's journey will make South America familiar to North America. During the two and a half days spent in Rio, the cables to the United States carried an aggregate of more than 60,000 words, and every word was lyrical about Rio and Brazil. One may close by quoting from a despatch — one of many in the same spirit — sent from Rio by one of the correspondents in Mr. Hoover's party:

"When the President of the Brazilian Chamber of Deputies, in a public address, describes the United States as 'the supreme inspirer of peace and fraternity among the nations,' and President-elect Hoover as 'an altruistic experiment,' it may be truthfully inferred that the reception here is on a high note. But the key of the reception is no more elevated than the facts of the condition. The Brazilians feel for the United States a friendship, and practice with us a coöperation that is one of our principal pillars in our position in the world. The friendliness of Brazil for the United States, in everything having to do with international relations, has several foundations. Certain helpful actions by us at the beginning of Brazil's independence are remembered here as if they happened yesterday. In Rio's entertainment of Mr. Hoover there has been a special quality of joyousness. The manner of President Luis, of Brazil, was like the scene itself — sunny and gracious and unaffected and obviously sincere."

Atrocity Charges in the Civil War

Condensed from The World Tomorrow (February, '29)

Laura A. White

IT is of great interest to compare American newspapers for the Civil War period with the atrocity stories which we heard daily from 1914 to 1918. Only the substitution of "Hun" for "rebel" or "Yankee" is necessary to make them sound familiar.

It was inevitable, doubtless, that in the South, where the desire for separation must be strengthened and where the invading armies soon appeared, that war psychology should manifest itself at once in all its virulence. The venom of the Charleston *Mercury*, prophet of secession for many years, causes no surprise; but the Charleston *Courier*, which had long championed the Union cause, now preached the gospel of hate with all the zeal of a recent convert. In these and other Southern newspapers, stories of atrocities committed by Federal troops were published and republished, their credibility vouched for by editors or their correspondents. Writing of "Federal villainies in Maryland," the *Courier's* correspondent says, "One single fact will serve as a specimen. A party of Sickle's 'dead rabbits' who had been turned loose upon the unfortunate populace in lower Maryland burned the homestead of a wealthy citizen, turned his family out into the fields, and carried off one of the young ladies to their den, where she was outraged by nine of the devils."

Tales of attacks upon women were numerous, and form the background for the South's reaction to "Beast Butler's" famous order to the women of New Orleans. This act, said Yancey in the Confederate Congress, was only equaled by the record of the invasion of Virginia, where "in numerous instances, daughters have been foully dishonored in the presence of their aged parents, by commissioned officers of the United States army, and more than once the broken-hearted father shot to death for attempting to save the honor of his family."

There were other charges, now all sounding equally familiar, such as the defiling of public buildings, the firing at long range on women and children at Fredericksburg, and the wanton despoiling of churches. After the

evacuation of Newbern, the Raleigh *Journal* published the story of how the Yankees had desecrated the graveyards, and exposed and mutilated the bodies.

The atrocities of course were declared to be sanctioned by officers and government, in many cases originating with them. "Our enemy," said the Charleston *Courier*, "has inscribed destruction upon his banner. He has instructed his soldiers to steal, desolate, destroy and murder, making these huge crimes as much their duty as the work of fighting." "How long," cries the Richmond *Whig*, "must our wives and daughters endure the outrages of brutes gathered from the sinks of Northern and European civilization?"

The Federal army was "as villainous as the worst pirates who ever infested the sea." "Look at the horde of ruffians, and say what jail has been robbed to bring together these hireling assassins." "They combine all the vices of savages," said Barnwell Rhett, "with the intelligence of the civilized man. [They are] brutal fanatics . . . a nation of criminals."

Northern leaders were described with similar invective. Salacious stories about Federal generals were repeated with relish. To find commanders, said the Richmond *Whig* in 1864, Lincoln must have robbed the grog shops and gambling hells; strike off from the roll of Yankee officers the disreputable characters, drunkards, miscegenators, *et cetera* and there would not be enough left to command a single corps. "Butler the Beast, Grant the Butcher, Sherman the Brute — what a precious trio, what heaven-defying, monstrous specimens of humanity!" exclaimed the Atlanta *Intelligencer*. Lincoln himself was called "the Baboon President," "a low-bred obscene clown."

The Northerners made repayment with interest. The Southern troops were cowards, convicts, white trash. The New York *Evening Post* said in 1861, "Conduct which would disgrace any tribe of savages is imputed to them, such as firing upon hospitals, deliberately shooting down women in attendance upon the sick, and bayonetting poor mutilated creatures." Tales of Southern ferocity became a commonplace; prisoners were murdered; the fingers of the dead were cut off to secure the rings; many of the dead had their eyes picked out; their skulls and bones were "cut and carved into drinking cups; and the women of the region, equally ignorant and cruel, wear them and gloat over them with glee."

Probably no publication was so

effective in spreading propaganda as *Harper's Weekly* because in this magazine the misdeeds of the enemy were presented in vivid drawings. In September, 1862, for example, a guerilla raid was pictured, with houses burned, men strung up and women attacked — all there in lurid detail. Here is a typical summary of charges:

"The cruel and incredible barbarities of the rebels every day accumulate in horror. They cut off the heads of our dead at Manassas; they boiled the bodies to get the bones more readily; they buried our brave brothers with their faces down; they swung their heads as trophies upon their homeward march through East Tennessee; they drew Kenly and his heroic troop of Marylanders with a white flag, then unrolled the black and massacred them. . . . Dishonor and infamy of every kind; ferocity which Feejees could not emulate; superstition, ignorance, and bestiality. . . ."

For vivid characterization of the leaders in the struggle the palm seems to go to the South. Yet the New York *Times* referred to General Magruder as "the whiskey-headed, blustering, profane fop and bully." The Boston *Transcript* described how General Lee had with his own hand flogged a slave girl and put brine on her bleeding wounds.

As such atrocity stories spread throughout the North and South, the cry rose in both sections for a policy of retaliation. Each side conceded that the worst deeds of the enemy could not be imitated by civilized people, but insisted fiercely upon a "just retaliation." "Considering the horrible atrocities of the rebels in the prosecution of this war," said the New York *World*, "it is a piece of barefaced and brazen effrontery in them to appeal to the usages of civilized warfare." Meanwhile Southern spirit was kindled to white heat by the Emancipation Proclamation and the use of Negro troops.

All who are concerned with minimizing the chances of war for the next generation must be interested in the fact that in this "brothers' war," even as in the World War, no atrocity was too horrible to be given credence by the press on both sides. When, sometime ago, the revelation was made of the concoction in England, for American consumption, of the report of the boiling of their dead by the Germans, many expressed the hope that in another war the propaganda would at least be less crass. If the men of the next generation know as little of the true situation in 1917 as we know of the credulities of 1862, what is that hope but the imagining of a vain thing?

This Hard-Boiled Era

Condensed from Harper's Magazine (February, '29)

Katharine Fullerton Gerould

THE cultural trend of the day is towards a fondness for life in the raw. As proofs, consider the vogue of prize fighting, even among gentlefolk (I have been told that recently a certain clergyman "had to adjourn a church meeting to give the men a chance to hear a fight over the radio"); the vogue of plays about gangsters, prostitutes, pugilists, etc., and of profanity and "frankness" on the stage; the fluent biographies of bandits, crooks, and other hard characters; the wide demand for "robust" literature. In short, all the "facts" that the public delights in "facing." We sit at the feet of the hobo, the bruiser, the criminal, and learn, not because of their superior intelligence, but because the nastier detail of their lives is something new to us. How about it? What makes us hard-boiled, and are we going to keep it up?

All this, of course, is the sign of a jaded palate. The fact is that luxury like Rome's and ours always brings people back to the eternal crudities. The simple homespun creature wants chiefly softnesses that are outside his experience. But when your comforts are all guaranteed, your curiosities all satisfied, where are you going to get a "kick" except from the primitive? When has the average man been so luxuriously served as now? Most of us, as far as material comfort goes, are in a patrician position.

Now luxury can do two things. It can release us from the care of the body to the care of the spirit, and leisure can be applied to the civilizing of the individual. Or, it can tempt the individual to seek ever farther and more furiously for the kind of thrill he is already familiar with. In a materialistic civilization like ours, it is the latter which more frequently happens; men take to opium rather than to scholastic philosophy. Softened by luxury, the average citizen does not care to cleanse and strengthen his own body by the practice of some difficult sport; he likes to watch other people doing it for him.

"The art of boxing is dead," I was told, some years ago, in Nevada; "what the public wants is knockouts." The same dictum applies to fiction, poetry, drama, criticism, sermons, political

speeches, cartoons, and jokes. It takes extreme violence to make us sit up. No play, no book, no sporting spectacle is going to thrill us unless it can compete with the front page of the newspaper. Our emotions are roused by nothing less than knockouts. We are tired of delicate pleasures, because they no longer excite us; we need heavier sedatives and more powerful stimulants. The gentle contests, the simple pleasures fail to quicken us.

In biography, Mr. Lytton Strachey does his best to cheapen Cardinal Manning and Florence Nightingale and General Gordon, while other gentlemen have been publishing the virtues of Captain Kidd, John Brown, and Lucrezia Borgia. It is part of our "fact-facing" passion, no doubt, that the whitewashed villain should be as fashionable as the blackened hero. Anything to surprise.

The unclean fact and the brutal manner are characteristic of our drama, fiction, poetry, and criticism. It is the full-fed and the well-to-do who support the drama and buy novels at two dollars and fifty cents. So we should expect to find the Broadway plays and the fashionable literature catering to the arena-going crowd; providing, through other media, the desired "knockout" thrill. And they do. I have not, for five years, seen a play (apart from revivals of classics) which did not base its appeal to interest on some exotic, or disreputable, or brutal ingredient or quality. The plays that pretend to deal with contemporary life dwell on adultery, perversion, and murder. Not because contemporary life is largely based on those facts, but because contemporary interest can hardly be awakened without reference to them.

Our best writers at the moment are devoted to the fanciful reconstruction either of past epochs or of exotic and unimportant types. If these authors deal with anything really typical, they drip sentimentality over it as a dog drops saliva over a bone. America as it is, is not being soberly considered or faithfully recorded. The "knockout" demand prevails. One need only mention in passing the increasing vogue of fiction dealing with crime.

Now, it has been pointed out that material comfort gives a nation an opportunity either to purify or to drug itself. If our nation is choosing to do the latter, it is but natural, considering that our present wealth is parvenu wealth. Only aristocrats can make a spiritual use of leisure. The dream of the poor man is almost necessarily a materialistic dream. The man who has fought all his life for enough bread to keep him and his family alive will always

give undue emphasis to bread. Only in the next generation, probably, will he turn to the things of the mind: knowledge, taste, delicate experience. With the quick turnover of American fortunes the majority of the rich are always people unequipped for the proper evaluation of wealth. The people who know what money is good for are those who have had it long enough to learn — and who, in most cases, have lost it. When wealth is worshipped for its untranslated self, as it is increasingly, they may never learn.

So that luxury and ignorance may perhaps be blamed for our hard-boiled attitude. We are smothered in material comfort, and do not know enough to look for comfort of a different kind. We are, by and large, the mob enriched. Inevitably we seek the thrills that can most easily be felt and assessed. These have always been physical and nervous thrills; and we are still at the physical-and-nervous-thrill stage. Thanks to our herding in towns, to the multiplied contacts *via* news-sheets, radio, telephone, motor car, which the rural citizen now enjoys, we have a superficial sophistication that we did not have, as a nation, 25 years ago. The first stage of sophistication is unshockableness. The truly sophisticated person may be shocked by a hundred things that the boor never heard of and would be incapable of appraising. But the hard-boiled person is the one who is at the stage of thinking that inability to be shocked is the whole story of sophistication. The truly sophisticated man is perhaps not so very hard-boiled. Enough said. The fact accounts for the kind of physical and nervous titillation we seek. We are jaded on the threshold of experience because our emancipation is, after all, mainly physical. Our imaginations are pretty well cabined in the physical; therefore, they respond most easily to physical stimuli and, in art and literature, to physical implications — homicide and sex, chiefly.

Nothing is easier and less helpful than to say of "hard-boiledness" that we should do well to get over it. No one in a hard-boiled generation gets over it except by acquiring a philosophy — I will not say a religion. As long as our chief national heroes are captains of industry, we shall not easily do that. More than ever — yes, in this heyday of organization — only the individual can emancipate himself, train himself, as a strictly individual job, to taste in solitude the secret, forgotten, eternal pleasures of the regulated mind, and taste held true.

My Old Blue Serge Goes Abroad

Condensed from The Saturday Evening Post (January 12, '29)

Frank Parker Stockbridge

THE other day I sold my old blue suit to Izzy Levitsky for 75 cents. He said that it was good only for the export trade. This interesting remark caused me to investigate a trail which led to the queerest commodity exchange in the world — the stock exchange of the old-clothes business. One export house in New York, I found, had shipped in a year $2,000,000 worth of old clothes to Eastern Europe, India, Africa, China, Japan and the Philippines.

That sum represented several times as many million garments. The six bits which Izzy paid me for my old suit is close to the average cost of such commodities to the exporter. Moreover, trousers are an inconsiderable item of the traffic. The poor, benighted Hindu still contrives to make his skin do for pants, and a strip of gaudy print suffices to cover the legs of a Kafir. But from the hips up the attire of an increasing proportion of the inhabitants of the world's backwaters consists of the discarded coats and vests of Americans.

Here is a new slant on our national prosperity. There is no domestic demand for any but the very highest grades of secondhand clothes, which are practically indistinguishable from new. Stores which frankly admit that they are selling secondhand clothes have almost disappeared.

The United States has been the center of the world's secondhand-clothing trade ever since the war. Up to 1914 London was the only export market. But the war caused these exports to cease, and there was consternation among the secondhand-clothing dealers of South Africa and other British colonies. So the South African dealers got together and in 1916 sent a young Russian Jew named Isador Sackstein to New York to see what cast-off clothes he could scare up. He is still the principal factor in the business.

"South Africa has to have secondhand clothes," Mr. Sackstein explained to me as he showed me through his five-story warehouse packed from floor to ceiling with old clothes. "The natives must have clothes to enter the towns. They can't afford new clothes, and they don't even want them. They

believe that by wearing garments which a white man has worn they may acquire some of the white man's juju.

"South Africa wants light weights and bright colors. Coats there retail for from 25 to 50 cents. A bright red or gay plaid vest may bring as high as a shilling. Frock coats and swallow-tails are popular in Central Africa, where one of them, with a silk topper and nothing else, makes the court costume for many a chief.

"Manila and Constantinople are the principal ports to which soft hats are shipped. The Filipinos like the light greys and tans, the Turks prefer darker hats. If the ribbon or sweatband is badly worn, the hat is sold to the makers of women's hats, who dye and reshape them, and sell them as new to the feminine trade right here in New York."

The edict of Kemal Pasha abolishing Mohammedanism as the state religion of Turkey and adjuring all good Turks to adopt European dress and abandon the fez has greatly stimulated the demand there for America's cast-off clothes, as well as hats. The fez was the Turk's national headgear because every good Mohammedan is required to touch his forehead to the ground whenever he hears the muezzin sounding the call to prayer; a feat which is difficult in a fedora and impossible in a derby. So a Turk likes a derby to prove that he is an adherent of the new order.

No effort is made at repairing old clothes before they are shipped. When a coat has to be laid down in Bombay, carriage paid, for 20 cents, not much money can be spent at this end to condition it. A thorough cleaning and disinfecting is all that is attempted.

"There is no trade with South America," explained the exporter. "The Indians wear only blankets, and the mestizos have too much Spanish pride to wear old clothes. Sometimes I can sell out-of-style new garments there. I am just shipping 10,000 suits to Venezuela. They cost the manufacturer $12 a suit, but Americans won't buy them because of the narrow trousers; I am laying them down in Caracas at $2.25 a suit.

"Even African buyers are becoming critical of styles. American movies are largely responsible. After the Kafir has seen a few pictures representing business men wearing coats without vents in the back, he won't buy a vented jacket till the dealer has had the seam sewed up.

"Shoes are a tricky item. There are literally millions of pairs of women's high laced shoes boxed and in the warehouses of the shoe

manufacturers of America, with no market anywhere in the world. I took a flyer in that line a while ago. I didn't see how I could lose on 10,000 pairs at 25 cents a pair. I finally had to let them go to India for 15 cents a pair delivered. The freight was 8 cents a pair."

"How does all this stuff get to you?" I inquired.

"It comes from the wholesalers of old clothes, who buy from the street collectors," said Mr. Sackstein. "Some I buy at the Exchange. Come on; I'll show you."

We hailed a taxi and drove to where Elizabeth Street ends at Bayard, right around the corner from Chinatown. This is the center of America's secondhand clothing traffic. It has its stock exchange, its curb market and its brokers' offices and works precisely like the great securities mart on Wall Street. The Exchange itself is in a deep storeroom, full of benches and big lockers. I saw men bringing clothes from the lockers and trading in little groups. Max Deitchman, the manager of the exchange, explained its operations.

"Only members can trade here," he said. "We have 500 members. No one can apply for membership until he has been in the old-clothes business for at least a year. Seats are different prices. The ones nearest the windows, where the light is best for the inspection of goods, cost $25; the ones at the rear are $5. The exchange is open every day from two until five; the members spend their mornings collecting their merchandise."

"How much business is done here in a day?" I asked.

"The average will run somewhere around $5000," was the reply.

A taxi drew up at the curb and a determined-looking woman stepped out.

"That's the queen of the old-clothes trade," said one of my informants. "She makes more money than most men. She's worth $50,000, I guess. Her system is to read the obituary notices, and when a man dies she writes a nice letter to the widow and offers to relieve her of the trouble of disposing of the husband's wardrobe. That way she's got a fine, high-class trade."

"Some get 'em one way, some another," said a younger trader. "Now, I trade enameled ware and kitchen cutlery to ladies for their husband's old clothes."

So that's how my old suit entered the export trade. I often wonder, on sleepless nights, how the coat is fitting some Kafir, or what the Son of the Prophet looks like who is wearing those shiny-kneed pants.

The Executive Looks for a Job

Condensed from the Century Magazine (February, '29)

An Ex-Executive

OUR employment manager had recommended him — a man in his late thirties, looking for a position as head of our engineering department. After a few minutes' conversation with him I decided that he was capable, personable, well trained and anxious for a position. Still, he asked rather a large salary. And why was he out of work at that age? He had mentioned a change of management; but, if he were really as good as he felt he was, wouldn't he have been retained in the new organization?

"I doubt," I told him, "that we will find it advisable to take advantage of your services at present. But I will notify you at once if any vacancy occurs."

At that time I was the manager of a prosperous New England mill. I had been successful in handling the labor problems of the war and our force of 1700 employes exhibited an esprit de corps of which I was proud. The product we manufactured stood high in the market, profits were good, and I was certain of my bonus when the directors looked over the results for the year.

It was a pleasant prospect, and contemplating it I turned to my correspondence and completely forgot the anxious engineer.

But the years went by, and finally — *I* was seeking appointments. To my utter stupefaction, *I was looking for a job.*

Nothing is assured in this world. Our factory, which for four generations had been smoothly and successfully manufacturing woolen dress-goods, found itself facing the fact that women were shortening their skirts and going in for silk and rayon. The demand for our wool fabrics sickened and almost died. A hectic stockholders' meeting was followed by a new directorate with radical policies of retrenchment. Although I was retained by the new management, I was unable to adjust myself to policies which I was convinced would destroy what I had spent years in building up. I withdrew from the picture. And after a vacation I set out to find the job which I was sure was waiting for me somewhere in this vast country.

Much has been written about the working-man's difficulty in finding a job. But the executive is supposed to be able to look out

for himself. He may work late in the night over the problems of his business — there are no unions to stop him. He may spend Saturday afternoons and Sundays at his desk, and no one will pay him overtime. Workers will come to him with their troubles and he solves them as wisely as he can, but *he* is not expected to have any troubles.

And when he relinquishes his job or — as in the case of many executives in the textile field today — has it snatched from him, where can he turn, what can he do?

Positions are chiefly found in two ways, through friends or through agencies. The first recourse is one's friends. They do all they can. In my case they gave me introductions to first one and then another person of influence.

Then began the reversal of those interviews I had known. This time I was on the other side of the table. What had I done? I had been connected with a business which had virtually failed. Perhaps it wasn't my fault — but that was only *my* opinion.

"Your position was that of superintendent?"

"No, not exactly," I would answer. "I had a superintendent under me in direct charge of production. My duties also involved relations with the treasurer's office, selling agents, tenements, water-power, and matters outside the mill."

"Are you familiar with designing and styling?"

"I coöperated with the selling agents in getting out new lines. Of course we had designers for the technical part of the work."

"How about costs? Can you figure fabric costs?"

"Why, we had our cost department, with an expert accountant in charge. I studied his results and passed them on to the selling agents."

"I see. Are you an engineer, familiar with the mechanical parts of the mill?"

"Oh, no. I'm not a graduate engineer. I had my plant engineer for that."

My interviewer pauses and looks thoughtful. "I'm sorry. I really don't know at the moment just the thing that would interest you. We're looking for an engineer and we *might* use a cost accountant, but we haven't any vacancies on our general executive staff."

After friends — agencies! In the general employment agencies most of the applicants are stenographers, clerks, draftsmen and salesmen. System is supreme. As soon as you enter the door you are made to feel your unworthiness by someone impersonal

as a Robot. Large "experience sheets" are given you to fill out, you are numbered, and wait your turn. Interviewers in glass cages are busy all about you. Finally your number is called and you face the inquisitor, who may have an opening for you. Again — he may not.

There are, of course, special agencies that place executives. My experience with these has been pleasant, but not productive of results. Something might develop — but there was nothing to fit my case just then.

Friends and agencies proving helpless in my dilemma, I polished up my third arrow and proceeded to shoot it. I had a little capital of my own, and, having had financial backing offered me, all I had to do was to find a suitable business in which I might enter as partner. No one, I found, was at all anxious for the partner sans the capital, there was some room for the partner and the capital, and any number of opportunities for capital sans the partner.

Three cases of the second type I investigated thoroughly. None of them had been earning satisfactory returns on the money already invested. None of them could afford to pay more than a nominal salary until the golden future had developed. In other words my money and my services were to be gambled in an unfamiliar game of chance.

My experience is not unique. There is many an executive at present out of a position. What is to become of them? The lot of the jobless executive is a thousand times more precarious than that of the laborer out of work, because his opportunities are infinitely more limited.

There is undoubtedly a personal gain to be got from this experience of job-hunting; to me it has been enlightening in various ways, and I would not have missed it — no, not for a year's salary.

The attitude of friends has been of interest, psychologically. Some have been so generous — particularly with that most precious possession, time — that I could grow sentimental over them. Others have shown a lively curiosity about private matters. Others studiously avoid the topic: they are thinking, "Poor fool — he had a good job, threw it over and can't find another."

My experience has brought about a livelier sympathy for those who are in a like position, in whatever walk of life. The Greeks have a saying, "The man has not lived who has not raised a son, married a daughter and built a house." To this let me add — "and spent six months looking for a job."

Speaking of Operations

Condensed from Collier's, The National Weekly (January 19, '29)

Ruth F. Wadsworth, M.D.

MY friend the professor's wife had recently had her appendix removed, and when I went in to see her, she greeted me with wan enthusiasm.

"I'm glad it's you," she said, "because you may be willing to talk to me intelligently." She waved scornfully at a pile of humorous books on her bureau. "I don't mean to be ungrateful for these offerings, but at present the subject of operations seems to me anything but funny. That's why I wanted to see you. Perhaps, not being my own doctor, you will answer a few questions I have been asking myself since I started on this painful adventure."

"Ask away," I said. "If I think it's none of my business to answer you I'll say so."

"First," she said, "I have a small wound, they tell me, on the right side of my abdomen. Then why in Heaven's name did they scrub and shave and disinfect me with stinging alcohol from head to foot?"

I explained that while a surgeon might expect to make his incision in a circumscribed area, he never knew certainly until the incision was made whether another incision might have to be made. The shaving and disinfection are attempts to eliminate one source of operative infection — the skin, and hair-cups.

"And why was I starved beforehand?"

"Because ether causes nausea in most people, and is best tolerated on an empty stomach."

"What was in that hypodermic injection?"

An injection, I told her, containing a small dose of morphine and atropine is generally given to quiet the patient during the giving of the ether, and to reduce the production of saliva, which is often profuse and interferes with breathing.

"I was so calm when I went to the operating-room that I looked about and saw Dr. Blank and his assistants scrubbing their hands as if their lives depended on it, although afterward they put on rubber gloves. What was the sense of that?"

"No surgeon depends on rubber gloves to protect the patient from infection which might come from his hands. Rubber gloves

may break or be punctured during the operation, and his hands must be as nearly sterile as possible."

The importance of disinfecting the surgeon's hands has been emphasized ever since a dramatic medical meeting in Paris in the last century. One of the physicians present, attempting to account for an epidemic of septic fever among mothers whose babies were delivered in hospitals, announced bitterly, "The trouble lies in our own finger nails, gentlemen!" thereby nearly losing his status in the medical fraternity.

"I suppose," said my friend, "that is the reason everybody wore caps and masks, too. But why, if they are so particular, do they have a dirty nurse in the room? I heard one of the doctors asking for the dirty nurse."

"It does sound bad," I admitted, "but she is dirty only in a surgical sense. She pushes away tables and stools, ties the surgeons' coat fastenings, wipes off their foreheads when they perspire, and does a thousand odd jobs which the scrubbed-up nurses could not do without losing their surgical cleanliness."

"Fine," said the patient, "now we have got me on the table. How on earth does the man who gives me ether know when I have got enough?"

Well, the anæsthetist has various ways of testing the completeness of the patient's unconsciousness. He uses nervous responses which are independent of the mind. The eye, in the reaction of the pupil, gives a very good guide to the depth of the narcosis, or anæsthesia. Just before the patient is completely unconscious he will frequently make small voluntary movements, such as wiggling his fingers. Soon thereafter he becomes fully relaxed and insensitive.

"That sounds nice and safe; I wish I had known it beforehand. Now, go on and tell me what happened next."

"Well, the surgeon, his two assistants and the nurse were waiting to receive you in the operating room, their hands held up and together so that they would touch nothing. The dirty nurse uncovered the operative field on you, because much as you had been scrubbed you were also considered dirty. Then one of the clean nurses painted you with iodine or picric acid, and covered you with a sterile sheet in the center of which was a neatly bound opening for the operative field."

"Everything," interposed my friend, "seems directed to the prevention of infection. What did they do for antisepsis in the last century?"

"They did very little, and all operative wounds became infected as a matter of course. If the patient had sufficient resistance to survive in spite of it — well and good. Nowadays an infection is rare. Everything that comes in contact with the patient is disinfected: instruments are boiled; towels are baked; catgut sutures subjected to lengthy disinfection and samples of each batch tested for sterility."

"That's interesting," remarked my friend, "because I know a lot of people who feel that most things in an operation are left to chance. Another thing — I expected a lot of pain in my wound. I did have a lot of pain at first, but not in my wound; it was all over me, and later it was gas pains."

The general pain and discomfort, I believe, are the result of shock. Shock is greater if the operation is prolonged, and every effort is now made to shorten the time of operations and protect exposed organs from the air by covering them with warm towels wet with a salt solution so near the composition of the body fluids that it does not allow evaporation or shrinking.

"I have always been in terror of having a sponge left in me. I have often heard of its being done!"

I believe it did happen now and then at one time, I confessed. But such an accident is now prevented by attaching to each sponge (which is just a large square of folded gauze, not a true sponge at all) a double strand of tape to the end of which is fastened a large metal ring. The ring is left well outside the wound. and so the sponge cannot be forgotten.

"If I had known that beforehand it would have spared me a lot of panic. Now go on: what about gas pains?"

The gas pains that follow an operation are much the same as any pain caused by gas in the intestines except that they are more severe. When gas accumulates in the intestine and is not promptly passed it distends the wall of the intestine and the result is pain. After an operation the intestinal wall is more or less paralyzed from the ether, and the gas, which would normally be passed along by the intestinal muscle, stays in one place and distends the walls painfully.

"Well," said the inquisitor, "I guess that's all for today. By the way, I don't suppose you can tell me where the soul goes when one is completely lost under ether?"

I went out softly and closed the door.

Has Wall Street Gone Wild?

Condensed from Liberty (February 9, '29)

Irving Fisher, Professor of Economics, Yale University

THE world views with apprehensions the hectic activity of the New York Stock Exchange, which has skyrocketed the prices of stocks to record heights, and indulged in such a staggering volume of sales that its mechanical equipment and human servants were temporarily overwhelmed. The demand for stocks increased so prodigiously that the value of the 1100 New York Stock Exchange seats skyrocketed from $319,000,000 in January, 1928, to $653,000,000 in December.

What possessed this "wild and whirling" market? No doubt it did some whirling, and a good many people saw their "fliers," big and little, crash in the reactions of June and early December. But the market has failed to crash down even to the high levels of former years. In the lull that followed the December recession, the market found itself still 25 per cent above the high point of 1927, and two-thirds higher than the record day of 1926. Unless most signs are deceiving, the refluent wave of trading has left prices of common stocks on a shelf where they will remain permanently higher than in past years.

It is competently estimated that there are at least 15,000,000 holders of corporate stocks and bonds in the United States. They represent one in eight of the entire population of men, women, and children. The present generation has learned to read the records of basic improvements in industry in the new business indexes and in the market letters of business and financial services. Its vision of improvements that are being applied and are still to come is sharpened by the reports of organized science and invention.

Nearly all great industries now have their experimental and research laboratories. The result is a record-breaking stream of inventions, introducing economies which are revolutionizing industry, boosting the prospective earning power of corporations, and supporting the high prices of common stocks. For common stocks "discount" future earnings and increase in capital value with the prospect of improvements.

For example, America has shot ahead recently in commercial

aviation. The New York Trust Company notes that airplane production for 1928 is almost five times that of 1927, and that demand for almost every type of plane is rapidly expanding. It is natural, then, that investors should take little note of present returns in bidding up the price of airplane stocks.

A multitude of new machines and devices opens up boundless possibilities of future developments in industry. There is the new talking motion picture. There is television. A newspaper has been printed on cornstalk paper. Gasoline has been manufactured from coal. A series of transatlantic conversations by phone indicates what the future holds in the way of quick communication. How many of these inventions and discoveries will be turned to practical use during 1929?

Is there any wonder that investors, with knowledge of epoch-making inventions and methods about to be applied, should bid up the market for common stocks in industries that are expanding as a result of new inventions?

Moreover, the market is permanently high because the intrinsic value of the stocks has already achieved prodigious gains.

Hark back, for a moment, to the business crisis of 1920, and to the subsequent developments which brought the nation to its present pitch of prosperity. Herbert Hoover's Engineering Committee on Elimination of Waste in Industry reported on some of the causes of that depression. The committee found throughout industry faulty organization and no adequate control of materials, design, production, and marketing methods. Most plants did not have adequate cost systems. Many shops lacked modern personnel relations with their employes, and production was sometimes hampered by restrictive rules of the unions.

With the publication of this report, all American industry awoke to the possibilities of economics and higher organization, and industry started on the path to a higher prosperity.

American industry today is the model for the world. It is estimated by C. G. Poore that the United States does annually two-fifths of the world's work. Half the basic materials of commerce either originate or are brought here. More than half the world's iron and steel is produced here; three-fifths of the world's coal; half the world's timber; three-quarters of the world's oil; three-quarters of the world's telegraph and telephone equipment; and 92 out of every 100 automobiles on earth.

The banking resources of our trust companies gained, in the

fiscal year 1928, nearly a billion and a half, reaching a total of 22 billion dollars. The fifty great American insurance companies, developing from five or six groups twenty years ago, have aided tremendously in stabilizing risks during the past five years. Life insurance has reached the 100 billion mark. Savings deposits have increased to 28 billions, or $214 per capita.

As the year closed, the records of industrial production surpassed the prodigious totals of 1926. Abundant crops and extensive construction schedules also reduced unemployment. Along with new records of production in steel, rubber, copper, automobiles, buildings, distribution of electrical power, and both wages and profits, reports are coming fast of new industrial mergers.

The era in which trusts were suspected and harried is past, and their function in the cheapened processes of large-scale production is recognized by the public. The railroads are encouraged by law to consolidate their lines. The industrials are combining the most diverse enterprises.

Back of the investment and commercial banks stands the Federal Reserve System, exerting its powerful influence to stabilize the purchasing power of gold. Business has been accelerated because the general price level has not fluctuated so violently as in the past.

The stock market, then, is higher today than during the era prior to 1921 for two main reasons:

First, the unification of banking under the Federal Reserve System, thus adding enormously to our banking power and the efficiency of bank credits in financing business and controlling the price level.

Second, the unparalleled development of new sources of power and materials and improvements in industrial organization.

Yet another factor has operated to boost common stock prices: Investment trusts have removed much of the risk inherent in common stocks by spreading the risks over a large number of stocks — something which the individual investor could not do because of his limited funds. The resulting safety to investors has greatly stimulated the demand for common stocks and sent their values up all along the line.

The general level of stocks may well drop very considerably, as it already has and seems likely to do for a month or two, without receding very far toward where it was a few years ago. The individual investor should beware, especially at present; but he will, in general, do well if he invests through investment counsel or a *first-class* investment trust.

The Miracle of Negro Spirituals

Condensed from The Mentor (February, '29)

James Weldon Johnson

THE Spirituals are purely and solely the creation of the American Negro. And their production, although seemingly miraculous, can be accounted for naturally. The Negro brought with him from Africa his native musical instinct and talent — and that was no small endowment to begin with.

In comparing the Spiritual with African folk songs, we note the significant fact that both are sung in *harmony*, and all other folk songs except those of Hungary are expressed in *unison*. The Spiritual is sung by a leader and answered by a chorus, as in African folk songs. Generally speaking the European concept of music is *melody*, and the African concept is *rhythm*. In this respect the African music is beyond comparison with any other music in the world. The syncopated rhythm of the African drumbeat is amazing in its wealth of detail. It has a share in one of the best known musical rhythms — that of the *Habanera*, which is simply a combination of Spanish melody and African rhythm.

What was it which led the Spirituals to rise above the base of primitive African rhythms and go a step in advance of African music through a higher development of harmony? Why did not the Negro in America revive and continue the beating out of complex rhythms on tomtoms and drums while he uttered barbaric and martial cries? It was because, at the precise and psychic moment, there was blown through or fused into the vestiges of his African music the spirit of Christianity, as he knew Christianity.

At the psychic moment, there was at hand the precise religion for the condition in which he found himself thrust. Far from his native land and customs, despised by those among whom he lived, experiencing the pangs of the separation of loved ones, knowing the hard lot of the slave, the Negro seized Christianity, the religion of compensations in the life to come for the ills suffered in the present existence, the religion that implied hope for the next world.

The result was a body of songs voicing all the cardinal virtues of Christianity — patience — forbearance — love — faith and hope — through a necessarily

modified form of primitive African music. The Negro took complete refuge in Christianity, and the Spirituals were literally forged of sorrow in the heat of religious fervor.

It is not possible to estimate the sustaining influence that the story of the trials and tribulations of the Jews, as related in the Old Testament, exerted upon the Negro. This story at once caught and fired the imaginations of the Negro bards, and they sang their hungry listeners into a firm faith that, as God saved Daniel in the lions' den, so would He save them; as God preserved the Hebrew children in the fiery furnace, so He would preserve them; as God delivered Israel out of bondage in Egypt, so He would deliver them.

Thus it was by sheer spiritual forces that African chants were metamorphosed into the Spirituals; that, upon the fundamental throbs of African rhythms, were reared those reaches of melody that rise above earth and soar into the pure, ethereal blue. And this is the miracle of the creation of the Spirituals.

How, it may be asked, were the Spirituals composed? Were they the spontaneous outburst of a group, or the work of talented song makers?

In the old days there was a definitely recognized order of bards, and to some degree it still exists. These bards gained their recognition by achievement. They were makers of songs and leaders of singing. They had to possess talents: a gift of melody, a strong voice, a good memory and a talent for poetry. There was, at least, one leader of singing in every congregation, but makers of songs were less common. My memory of childhood goes back to a great leader of singing, "Ma" White, and a maker of songs, "Singing" Johnson. "Ma" White was an excellent laundress and a busy woman, but each church meeting found her in her place ready to lead the singing. And, even as a child, my joy in hearing her sing Spirituals was deep and full. One of her duties was to "sing down" a long-winded speaker, and even to cut short a prayer of undue length by raising a song.

"Singing" Johnson's only business was singing. He went about from place to place singing his way. He composed songs and his congregation joined in his singing with antiphonal responses. He was a great judge of the appropriate song for any service and could come to the preacher's support with a line or two of song, after a climax in the sermon.

A study of the Spirituals leads one to the belief that the earlier ones were built upon the form so

common to African songs — leading lines and responses. Most of the Spirituals and some of the most beautiful slave songs are cast in this simple form. One of these is "Swing Low, Sweet Chariot."

But as the American Negro developed melody and harmony, he also went a step beyond in the development of form. The lead and responses are still retained, but the response is developed into a true chorus. In a number of songs there are leads, a response and a chorus. In this class of songs the chorus is dominating and comes first, as in "Steal Away to Jesus." In this song the congregation begins with the chorus, singing it in part harmony.

In a few songs this development is carried to a point where the form becomes almost purely choral, as in "Deep River" and "Walk Together Children."

Carl Van Vetchen has declared that white singers cannot sing Spirituals. I agree that white singers are, naturally, prone to go to either of two extremes: to sing them as if they are mere "art" songs, or to assume a "Negro unctuousness" that is obviously false, and painfully so. I think that white concert singers *can* sing Spirituals — if they *feel* them. And if Negro singers do not feel them, they also fail.

Through the supreme artistry of Roland Hayes, these songs are transfigured and we are transported. By a seemingly opposite method, through sheer simplicity and adherence to primitive traditions, Paul Robeson achieves substantially the same effect. The essential that these two singers have in common is that both *feel* the Spirituals deeply. Mr. Hayes, notwithstanding all his artistry, sings these songs with tears on his cheeks.

It is not, however, as solo singing that we should think of Spirituals, it is rather as communal music, singing in harmony. The harmonization of the Spirituals by the folk group in singing them distinguishes them among the folk songs of the world. It is only natural that Spirituals should be sung in harmony, for the Negro's musical soul expresses itself instinctively in the communal spirit and in rich and varied harmonies.

Of the words of the Spirituals not so much, of course, can be said as of the music. Both the Negro bard and his fellow singers worked under mental limitations that handicapped them. Many of the lines of the Spirituals are trite, and there is monotonous repetition. But there is an appealing simplicity — and in some of the Spirituals, real poetry, the naïve poetry of a primitive race.

America and England

Condensed from The Nation (January 30, '29)

J. Ramsay MacDonald, Former Prime Minister of Great Britain

THE relations between the United States and Great Britain grow increasingly unhappy. The usual committees of friendship are being formed — always an ominous sign, and the usual signals of a faith in doubt are being flown, such as "War between the United States and Great Britain is unthinkable." The plain fact is that a spirit is growing up in the two countries which is estranging them, and is encouraging a kind of squabbling criticism which destroys mutual understanding and forbearance. What each of our nations requires is a good robust call from manly common sense.

One type of mind is peculiarly pernicious in such circumstances, that of the apostle of the inevitable. It has an alluring air of detachment, and yet of stoical submission to the decrees of Providence. Today it murmurs as in a drowsy trance that great economic empires have always clashed and fought, that capitalist competition has always brought armaments competition, and that that in turn has always brought war. Therefore all that the United States and ourselves can do is to go on temporarily with our struggle for markets and rivalry for possession of furniture and Old Masters, and wait for the inevitable clash and crash decreed since the beginning of the world. Against this superstition and misreading of history every backboned sentiment of morality and common sense must be up in arms. Given governments which have minds to form rational policies, and a public opinion which represents an active will and is not merely a spill drifting upon the currents, war is no more inevitable than the smallpox, and the causes of war are just as controllable as unsanitary conditions.

The European war left for the United States and England times full of petty irritation. The burdens of debt, revolutions in industry and in world markets, the problems of political readjustment, and, in some respects, the even more difficult mental readjustments that are called for, are not good for an equable temper. To those of us who believe that to bring the nations out of the war age is the divine task of this generation, the temptation

to lapse into cynicism rather than continue an energetic faith is very great when we find that armament expansion both in Europe and America has been decreed by the same hands and the same pens as signed a solemn bond to eliminate forever the consideration of war from national policies. There is something wrong somewhere. Somehow, the distinction in Christian conduct between Sunday and the rest of the week seems to be creeping into international policies.

The first reflection which we are apt to make on such a situation is that some nation other than our own is perfidious. That has the demerit of leading us nowhere except up the dangerous way of self-appreciation and it also happens to be inadequate as an explanation. The fact is that every nation is rent between opposing and hostile moods. Everyone wants peace, but no one will accept and pursue a policy based upon peace assumptions. The practical policy of the United States and Great Britain is exactly the same as that which preceded and prepared for the late war. Let us both get to close grips with reality. We have gone to Geneva to discuss naval armament, and we have both sent naval officers to do the negotiating. Both of us have begun with the assumption that war, involving our interests and safety, may break out. The duty of a naval officer is not to make peace, but to safeguard his nation's interest in times of trouble, and both you and we have an admirably able and honest body of men to advise us on that matter. At Geneva, it was not our mutual desire for peace that failed; it was not the impossibility of a peace policy that was demonstrated. It was a much more obvious thing. It was that, in the event of war, the naval arm that the United States would require for security would not be the same as that which England would require for security; that, indeed, if either the United States or England thought of security in relation to the hostility of each other, both of us would have to increase rather than diminish our shipbuilding. That was all that the Geneva failure proved. Then, English papers and American papers started their fusillades. They missed completely the reason for the failure, and in good old-fashioned style went for the other side hammer and tongs. You patted yourselves on the back, kicked us, and we did exactly the same on our part; and the Atlantic became broader far and more stormy for both of us.

Here in Europe those of us who are devoting our lives to the

elimination of war from the national records are nearer to the frontiers of war than you are in America, and we, therefore, see words with a meaning in realistic policy somewhat different from the meaning you see in them. But we know that with America indifferent, or neutral, our tasks are to be heavy and our defeat is to be more possible. Therefore it is imperative that steps be taken at once to end all this foolish and mischievous feeling which is alienating the United States from Great Britain.

The first thing to be done is to bring to a common table for discussion the reasons why ships are being built, why we both went to Geneva with the assumptions that we did, why we are thinking of trade routes blocked, what there is between us that makes the Kellogg Pact a mere collection of words strung upon a pious thread. Is no attempt to be made to clear up the confusion of "the freedom of the seas"? Has neither of us the courage to discuss with the other what the interests and obligations of both are in, and to, the world and each other? Have both of us failed to observe how easy it is for nations to slip into war for nothing, how ready popular imagination is to be set on fire by anyone — even an almost anonymous newspaper proprietor — who cares to light a match? It is time for the governments to act. Both countries ought to appoint five or six of their most outstanding public men representative of the whole nation to meet and drag from the obscure corners of sulky suspicion the things which make difficulties between us. Let us know them. Mayhap fresh air would clean our minds of them. Let us be assured by the governments that they are aware of the mighty issues involved in a lack of real good-will between the United States and Great Britain. No staging is too impressive for the importance of friendship between us, no pageantry too extravagant for the proclamation that difficulties have been removed. I want to involve the United States in no European escapade or entanglements. It ought to praise its Creator night and day that that necessity is not imposed upon it, as it is, alas! upon us. But those of us whose lot is cast here, and whose fate it is to struggle against the powers of militarism which have been wounded but certainly not killed in the late war, should like to feel that an American hand will always be placed in ours for encouragement, and that the relations between your country and mine can be held up to the world as an example of what we are striving to establish everywhere.

There Is Life in the Old Gal Yet, Al

Condensed from The Saturday Evening Post (January 19, '29)

Will Rogers

DEAR AL: I just thought I would drop you a few lines. This is not one of those "Too bad, old boy, we will get 'em the next time" letters. This is one from an old friend who ever once in a while tries to lay some facts before you as they are, and Not as Political Leaders tell you they are.

Now, I know you was pretty busy up to around November, cause running for President takes up just as much time on the Democratic side as it would on some side where you had a chance. Now you got time to think it over, I want to hold a clinic over the old Democratic body and see just how much life there is in the old Gal yet.

Let's go way back to 1920 when the Democrats had to draft a Victim in Frisco. If you remember, there was some talk of nominating Hoover at that same convention. He hadent been back from Europe long and nobody knew just what he was.

But after his return Hoover had spare time to detect that one of the Issues of the coming November Follies would be the League of Nations. Now, although he had spent a great part of his life in Siberia and Patagonia, he had kept in close enough touch with American elections to know that in any question that had two sides — if one had a lot more people for it than the other — that the Democratic Party would pick the side with the fewest votes. Even the Siberians and Patagonians knew that. I don't know why it is, Al, but us Democrats just have an uncanny premonition of sizing up a question and guessing wrong.

I really believe, if us Democrats had had anything good in the way of a Vehicle to get somewhere in, that Hoover would have signed up with us then. If we had been smart, we would have picked him up then and said to him, "Here, write yourself out a Platform. All we want is results. We will forgive you if you don't mention 'Back to Jacksonian Democracy.' All we want out of this thing is to be able to keep on handing out the mail." But we couldn't see a Big man when he stood right before us.

So we just lost the Post Offices for what looks like the rest of our natural lives. That's why the

Republicans always get somewhere — They have No Ideals; It's just Cold Business with those Babies. You don't hear those Guys shouting about, "Get us back to the Lincolnian Principles." No, Sir, they know that in this country the people don't want to "go back" to anything; they want to go forward — or what they think is forward.

Well, we let Hoover go, and he goes right over and signs up with the opposition as Secretary of Commerce as soon as the election is over. 'Course it's not much of a job, but they allowed him to come in and sit with the Cabinet, and read his little report with the others — "Exports — One Billion; Imports, Known — One-half Billion; Imports, Unknown — Four Billion." Then the Secretary of Agriculture would read his little say: "Farms in the U. S., Eleven million; Farms mortgaged, Eleven million; farms carrying second mortgage, 10,998,634. The Department reports progress." Then the Secretary of War would read his Department's record for the last week: "Wars, none; Peace, none; average, 50 percent." Secretary of the Navy's Cabinet report for the week: "Ships, 950; ships sunk in compliance with Washington Disarmament agreement, 345. We would have sunk more, but run out of ammunition — some were very hard to sink. Cost of sinking, exceeded cost of building. Strict investigation shows that we can hold one more Naval Disarmament Conference, but not more. If we held a second one we would have to borrow a boat to go to it." And so it would go on till Dawes would walk out on 'em, saying, as he fondled his old Possum-Bellied pipe: "Hell and Maria, these Cabinet wakes are dryer than a farm-relief Bill."

But this Hoover, instead of going out, like the other Cabinet Members, to play golf used to kinder hang around to see what Calvin and Andy Mellon and Charlie Hughes was gabbing about. He come in mighty handy if they had just got a note from some Foreign Country; he could tell 'em who, and where, the country was.

Then, Hoover, being a great Red Cross man, he picked up a few Tornadoes and Hurricanes to kinder help fill in his spare time, and now and agin a flood to sorter keep his hand in feeding the destitute. The first thing you know he had made himself so valuable at it that it looked like we couldent have a calamity till he could get there to handle it.

Then comes the Conventions of the summer of 1924. The Republicans wanted Hoover to run for Vice President, but he showed himself a Genius and turned it

down; he knew what splendid care Mr. Coolidge took of himself. What I am getting at, Al, is this: This fellow is where he is today because he knew when to refuse something that he knew wouldn't get him anywhere. He struggled along for eight years just practically as a Bill of Laden Clerk and A First-Aid Kit to Catastrophes, but look where he wound up. You see, all this is right along the line that I wrote you way back in October, 1927. I was trying to tell you, you got to wait for things till they are ripe; don't just jump into things because somebody offers it to you. Now, after I wrote you that letter, a lot of your Party thought I was all wet. I advised you to refuse to run in 1928. I said:

"Now, Al, if you will do that you will look like you are sacrificing yourself, and in '32 they will nominate you by radio; they can't help it, and you will have a united Party. A half-wit knew you couldent win in '24. Well, it's the same this year; you couldn't put on a revival of Thomas Jefferson and get away with it.

"Let 'em nominate a Dry Democrat. Naturally he will be defeated, not because he is a dry but because he is a Democrat. Then, that will make your policy twice as strong four years from now. Al, don't let those New Yorkers kid you — this country is dry. If you think it's wet, you watch 'em vote. When they vote, it's counted; but when they drink, it ain't. If you could register the Voter's breath instead of his ballot, it would be different.

"Everybody is always asking, 'What's the matter with the Democratic Party?' There ain't nothing wrong with it; it's a Dandy old Party. The only thing wrong with it is the law killed it. It won't let a man vote but once, and there just ain't enough voters to get it anywhere."

But it's all over, and you made a great race — about six million votes better than anyone else in your Party could have done. And you give the Republicans the Durndest scare they had in years. You Had Mr. Hughes speaking every night, and anything that keeps him up after nine o'clock is a triple threat.

Now, Al, I like you Democrats, but I am sick of seeing the whole thing mismanaged. Those Republican Guys can be beat, but Not with Jeffersonian and Jacksoniam speeches. If a national question comes up, there is no sensible reason why we shouldent be on the Popular side, instead of the Right side all the time. Let's make this one of our strictest rules in future: "Don't let anybody join us unless he is bringing somebody with him."

Yours, Will.

The Emancipation of the Housewife

Condensed from the Woman's Home Companion (February, '29)

Earnest Elmo Calkins

WHEN I was young and just beginning what has been my life job people used to ask me, "What do you do?" and when I replied "Advertising," they looked puzzled. I remember trying to explain to one young woman by saying, "You have seen the advertisements in the newspapers and magazines, have you not?" to which she replied, "Oh yes, but it never occurred to me that anybody did them. I thought they just happened."

Today that woman may be one of those who wonder whether advertising is really a good thing.

Advertising is not an end in itself. It is a means to an end, just as a railroad is a means to an end. We do not have railroads for the sake of the railroads. We have them to get somewhere and to move goods and mails. We may dislike them; most of us do. They are dirty, noisy, disfiguring. But things would be so much worse without them that we put up with the annoyances.

In my grandmother's house, soft water was caught in a wooden cistern and brought to the kitchen sink by means of a dwarf iron pump painted green; well water was obtained from the pump on the porch, an endless chain operated by a crank. Hot water was obtained from a tank at the back of the soft-coal stove and carried where needed. In order to be near the water supply the Saturday night baths were taken in the kitchen in one of the heavy wooden laundry tubs. Wealthier families had a tin contrivance with a high back looking something like a porch armchair.

The only other source of heat in the house was a hard-coal base-burner in the sitting room, with numerous isinglass windows. In the summer the butter and milk were hung down the well.

Nearly everything we ate was brought to the house in a state of nature and manufactured in the kitchen. The steak was pounded on a wooden board with a mallet kept for the purpose. Oatmeal and beans were soaked overnight. Bread or pancake batter was mixed the evening before and set on the back of the stove to rise. Hash and cabbage slaw were chopped in a huge wooden bowl with a chopping knife. Chickens and other birds must be plucked

and cleaned before the finer arts of cookery could be practiced. Washday was distinguished by a peculiar odor, the smell of soap mixed with the smell of cabbage, the hot fire required for boiling the clothes being utilized for a boiled dinner.

Clothes were washed with soap, water and elbow grease. Some families made their own soap in a huge kettle in the open. The heavy tubs had to be carried out into the porch to be emptied in the drain.

Dishes were washed with a rag. There were no rubber scrapers or metal rings. The pots, kettles and spiders were iron, and cleaning them was a major operation, the finger nails being used to start the grease.

On a shelf beneath the clock stood a long row of kerosene lamps, with red flannel in their bowls, to be filled, trimmed and the chimneys cleaned every day. The floors were washed with a mop and swept with a broom, and the furniture dusted with a cloth and a turkey wing. The regular chores included making the beds and emptying the slops, and the intervals of time left over were filled with mending, knitting, darning and baking.

The chores stretched out and filled a lifetime, every recess and interstice crammed with duties. The labor involved is beyond calculation. Possibly the foot pounds of energy exerted by the arms and backs of our grandmothers would have accomplished some fantastic feat, such as pulling the Island of Manhattan up by the roots and raising it to the height of the Woolworth Tower. No one knows the scientific measure of sheer hard work done by women between 1850 and 1900. The important thing is that none of these back-breaking labors is necessary today.

My mother kept house for 58 years, from the age of 15 until at the age of 73 she laid down her dishrag and decided to "quit strugglin'." She never quite caught up with the housekeeping conveniences which we consider so necessary, but toward the end she had some of them in her kitchen and always marveled at the easy job housekeeping had become. I remember her naïve pleasure at a wire basket for draining dishes. But she belonged to the older generation and seldom felt comfortable at escaping so much hard work.

What have these reminiscences to do with advertising, you may ask. Well, who brought about this change? Did you do it? There must have been somebody interested — probably selfishly interested, in helping you keep house. There was. He is the advertiser — the manufacturer of whatever

device or utensil or food or garment you buy in the conduct of your house.

That your home is filled with labor-saving devices is not due alone to invention. There had to be a way of telling you about them. Advertising has been the quick and direct way of telling housewives about inventions and discoveries, and because this quick and direct way existed, many things were invented which would not otherwise have been made. The possibility of selling coffee percolators, nested measuring spoons, glass casseroles, automatic ovens, thermostats, electric washing machines, oil burning heaters, has stimulated the wits of the inventors. Advertising has been a constant urge to improve the home.

Without advertising we would have had fewer new things, distributed to fewer homes, and that slowly. Advertising, then, has rendered the housewife four great services. It has stimulated ingenuity, made it worth while for clever minds to think up things to make work easier. It has told you about them. It has distributed them, brought them to your nearest shops, persuaded the dealer always to have them for you when you want them. And it has made them cost less than they would cost if there were no advertising, no way of telling a lot of people about them and thus quickly making a large market for them.

To these should be added another, a spiritual service, a lesson in economics. Advertising has taught the housewife that her flesh and blood, her strength and energy, are precious things, to be saved and conserved if possible. Advertising has taught her to pay for things and save wear and tear on her muscles and nerves and count it a good bargain.

In the days when the sewing machine was first introduced it took a long time to teach women to make the jump from the needle to the machine. A sewing machine costs money, and a woman's fingers were supposed to cost nothing. Women have now learned that human labor, whether they hire it or perform it, is more costly than machines.

When it is said that advertising makes new things cheaper, that does not mean that a vacuum cleaner costs less than a broom. It means that a vacuum cleaner costs less than a broom plus the work necessary to use a broom. Women have been taught to spend money to save themselves for other more necessary higher things. This is the new economy, saving not money, but human labor, especially a woman's labor, investing it in surplus leisure, time, and strength.

A New Latin-American Policy

Condensed from The Forum (February, '29)

Raymond Leslie Buell

THE prediction that Herbert Hoover would make no conventional President has already proved true. He has paid a visit to Latin America — a unique occupation for a President-elect, and one from which great good may result.

Much of our difficulty in that sphere has revolved about our policy of intervention. The extent to which a government should protect the interests of its nationals abroad has been hotly debated. Secretary William Jennings Bryan once said, "When you go abroad, you have to take your chances." Going to the opposite extreme, President Coolidge has stated that "The person and property of a citizen are a part of the general domain of a nation even when abroad, and it is the duty of the American Government to protect these interests wherever they may be found."

This policy of protecting American interests abroad is applied throughout the world. But in Latin America we have virtually assumed the duty of protecting not only our interests but those of other foreign nations as well. Roosevelt declared that the way to prevent foreign governments from temporarily occupying Latin American territory to secure the payment of threatened obligations was "that we must ourselves undertake to bring about some arrangement by which as much as possible of a just obligation shall be paid."

Since the opening of the Panama canal we have become particularly sensitive on this point. It was the fear of imminent European intervention which led us to establish financial receivership in Santo Domingo in 1907 and to form military governments in Haiti and Santo Domingo during the World War. It was the fear that Nicaragua might lease canal rights to Germany or Japan which led us to negotiate the Bryan-Chamorro treaty of 1914 giving us the canal monopoly. To stamp out all pretext for European intervention, the United States has virtually assumed the duty of seeing to it that throughout the American continent there shall be no wars, no chronic revolutions, no flagrant bankruptcies. We have become the constable of the hemisphere. And

because we have in this way converted the Monroe Doctrine from a doctrine of non-intervention into a doctrine of intervention at our pleasure, Latin America now fears European aggression less than she fears that of the United States.

We have not, I am convinced, been imperialistic in the sense that we have lusted for more territories. Mr. Hughes was absolutely sincere when he stated at Havana that "Nothing could be happier for the United States than that all the countries of the Caribbean should be strong, self-sufficient, fulfilling their destiny, settling their problems, with peace at home and fulfillment of their obligations abroad." We have stated that all we demand from Latin America is respect for the principles of international law. Yet we have arrogated to ourselves the application of these principles, and have reserved the right to decide for ourselves when intervention on behalf of these principles shall take place. Our aim has been praiseworthy; but our means of realizing it has been at fault.

How may our technique be changed? Our policy has been animated by a desire to forestall European aggression and to protect our interests. Is this danger still real?

The vast majority of the states of the world have accepted solemn obligations under the Covenant of the League of Nations and the Anti-War Pact to settle disputes by pacific means. These states may break their promises; but until they do, our intervention policy is really a variation of Von Moltke's discredited doctrine of "preventive wars" — of attacking the enemy before he attacks you.

There is, perhaps, a possibility that out of pique, if for no other reason, some Central American state may lease a naval or air base, or cede canal rights, to some European power. Would such a power care to affront the United States in so deliberate a manner? I think not. But in order to remove, or at least reduce, any such fears, I propose an inter-American agreement providing that no state shall cede or lease to a non-American state a naval or air base or any rights to build a canal. The violation of such an agreement would give us a juridical basis for intervention, which, in the absence of such an agreement, we do not have.

In order to discourage revolution, the United States, in 1907, adopted a policy of declining to recognize any government in Latin America which came into power as a result of revolution. Again our policy was well-meaning, but its results have been

unsatisfactory. In a number of countries to the south, elections are rigorously controlled by the *ins* in order to perpetuate themselves in office. Revolution is the only means by which the people may obtain a new government, and the United States has thus often lent its moral and physical aid simply to perpetuate a dictatorship. In a few cases we have emerged from this unhappy dilemma by undertaking to supervise elections in the country concerned. But such a responsibility is plainly undesirable. Inevitably the defeated party at a supervised election blames the supervising government, and thus unjust abuse is heaped upon the United States. If we wish to remove one fruitless cause for interfering with our southern neighbors we should frankly abandon our present policy in this respect.

The question of the protection of American interests still remains. Where disputes arise over the confiscation or damage of property rights through revolution, there is no legitimate reason why they should not be adjusted by some form of international tribunal. At present no machinery exists for handling these claims as they arise. Instead they are frequently the subject of long controversy, in which much ill feeling is generated.

We may arbitrate losses of property; but may we arbitrate losses of human lives? When a revolution threatens to destroy an American colony, should the government do nothing except demand reparations after lives have actually been lost — lives which might have been saved by preventive action? Some would advocate a policy of complete non-intervention at all costs. I am convinced that in these days of integrated society, a policy of non-intervention is neither possible nor desirable. But a policy of intervention is tenable only if it is subjected to the conscience of the international community; and the United States should not undertake the exercise of any police power on the American continent without first consulting with the representatives of the other leading American states.

The following, therefore, are four possible planks in a new Latin-American policy:

1. An inter-American agreement prohibiting the sale or lease of any territory to a non-American state for the construction of naval or air bases or a canal.

2. The abandonment of our present policy of recognition in favor of a policy of recognizing any government which is a government in fact and is able to meet its obligations.

3. The establishment of arbitral machinery to settle all disputes over the impairment of alien property rights on the American continent.

4. A Hoover Doctrine to the effect that the United States will never exercise any police power on the American continent without consulting the other leading American states.

Our New Electric Supermen

Condensed from The World's Work (February, '29)

E. E. Free

TODAY'S astonishing Robots are a race misunderstood. For although one was dressed in a Mother Hubbard and forced to walk around London, and another made his first appearance as opener of a meeting, the automatic machine is really no more a substitute man than an automobile is a substitute horse. Most of the modern Robots make no such effort at masquerade.

Robots are not so new as many of us have been led to think. Three thousand years ago in Egypt, it is said, priests had secret devices to make loud bangs, to move the eyes of idols, or to open the temple doors when someone lit the altar fire. A gentleman named Archytas is reputed to have made a flying wooden pigeon 400 years before Christ. Albertus Magnus, whose scientific works still circulate in ten-cent editions as popular dream books, is said to have owned an iron butler who opened the door and welcomed guests.

In the 18th century various human figures were constructed which played musical instruments, did sums in arithmetic, drew pictures, and wrote poetry, though how many of these Robots were merely men masquerading as their betters is not known. The most famous of them, Baron Kempelen's Hungarian chess player, traveled throughout Europe for years at the expense of kings and prelates, mystifying everyone. The automaton took on all comers and beat most of them. There was obviously no room inside the figure for a man. Many were the learned treatises on the supposed mysterious rays that operated the contrivance. The secret, ultimately discovered by accident, was that one of the Baron's helpers, whom everybody thought was normal, had no legs. The two on which everybody saw him walking around were artificial. Diminished by their removal, there was plenty of room for him inside the chess player.

But there is no deception about the Robots of our century. Eric, the one who opened the meeting, works electrically. The Televox responds to sound waves. Still others are operated by radio.

The torso of Mr. R. J. Wensley's Televox contains three tuned electric instruments, each

of which responds by resonance to its particular note: one to a high whistle, one to a tone about the middle register of a piano, and one to a deep bass buzz. The contrivance has been used practically to report over a telephone the depth of water in a reservoir. Suppose a man makes a telephone connection with it, and then sends over the wire two peeps and three toots — the signal 23. The two peeps affect one switch, which sets itself on its second point. The three toots affect a second switch, moving it to its third point, and thus connecting it with the water gauge. Then the buzz gives the "execution signal" and the man at the telephone hears a succession of bell notes, one for each foot of water shown by the gauge. In the same way another number might connect the Televox with the reservoir valve, and make it let out some water.

The number of things the Televox can do is limited by its "memory." If there are ten points on each switch the machine can carry out just 100 separate orders, one for each possible combination of from one to ten peeps with from one to ten toots.

Eric is not so well equipped as Mr. Televox. Inside his vitals, when he was first exhibited in London, an electric motor ran continually like a beating human heart. Arrangements of belts and levers operated his arms and legs. Electric touches on his internal organs caused electromagnets to press friction wheels against the revolving motor, and caused him to rise to his feet, hold up his hand for attention, and sit down immediately (most admirable of public speakers!) as soon as he was through.

Perhaps the most interesting of the new Robots are those that work by radio. They have eyes to see radio waves just as the human eye sees light waves. The most distinguished of them, which bears out the statement that the best Robots of the present seldom try to look human, is a battleship: the *Centurion*, of the British Navy. This vessel will sail fearlessly among an enemy fleet, turn and twist to avoid gunfire, cover herself with protective smoke screens, even keep her band playing as though to inspirit her crew; all with not one living soul aboard. Everything is managed by radio signals from a destroyer two or three miles away.

Scattered here and there over the *Centurion* are inconspicuous radio antennae. Each is connected with a switch with numbered points on it, like those of the Televox. Radio signals set the switches, precisely as those of the Televox are set by peeps and toots.

Several other countries possess similar radio-controlled ships, employed chiefly for target practice, since they can duplicate battle conditions and still not risk the lives of a target's crew.

Other modern Robots carry their brains in their own insides. Here belong the automatic machines that make electric lamps or fill sausages or wrap packages in factories; marvelously skillful contrivances at the one job that each of them is built to do. They cannot vary their job one iota, but they can be induced to stop themselves and howl for help when something goes wrong.

Someone has designed, for example, a machine that will sort out yellow oranges from green ones as they roll down a trough. If a burst orange sticks in the machinery, the Robot stops everything and whistles loudly until someone takes the offending relic out of the way.

Another machine that carries its own brains is Metal Mike, the automatic steersman for steamships developed by Elmer A. Sperry on the basis of his famous gyroscopes. Mike is more competent than a human steersman, for he catches each swing of the vessel before a man could notice that it had begun.

Other machines have keen senses: one smells the gases that go up a chimney to make sure that coal is being properly burned; another tastes vinegar, and dilutes or concentrates it as required.

The brainiest of them all is the automatic telephone exchange, which sorts out the one telephone line that you want from millions of others. In principle this machine is little different from the 100-task brain of Mr. Televox. The selection is made in the same way — by a series of number signals rung, in succession, by a small contact point behind the telephone dial as it turns. But instead of the 100 separate signal combinations that the Televox can understand, the New York City telephone system has place for nearly ten billions.

Yet even this vast sum the human brain exceeds. Dr. C. Judson Herrick estimates the number of living nerve cells in the surface gray matter of the brain as more than nine billion. If it be assumed that these can be connected to one another in the same fashion as telephone subscribers are — a process that experts agree is probably something like what happens during thinking — the number of possible connections would be about 90,000,000,000,000,000,000,000; which is one reason why human beings think so many thoughts and perhaps why so many of them prove to be "wrong numbers."

Witches Win in York

Condensed from The Nation (January 23, '29)

Dudley Nichols

ON Thanksgiving day in 1927 a farmer some 20 miles down the Susquehanna Trail from York, Pennsylvania, heard his neighbor's cattle lowing, and going to investigate found the stock unfed and his neighbor lying dead and charred on the kitchen floor of his solitary house.

Rural murders are no great shakes as news, but this crime was to bring to light a medieval cloud of darkness which hangs over the country of those fine, thrifty, devout farm-folk, the Pennsylvania Dutch. Not much attention was paid to the murder at first. The real detonator of the ensuing publicity seems to have been William Bolitho's column on witchcraft in the *World*.

Within the next few days the town was marched upon by hordes of reporters from Philadelphia, New York, Baltimore, and other cities, and though York first rejoiced at this countrywide attention the community soon began to wince when the stories and editorials appeared.

Here were the facts. In York, an amazingly prosperous and tidy city of nearly 50,000 population, a city with 70 churches and a million-dollar high school, the third city in the State in the diversity of its manufacturing interests, and a city not wanting in its proper proportion of speakeasies, here in York were at the fairest estimate a hundred powwows openly practicing. The editor of a local paper is my authority for the statement that in the countryside there are thousands of believers in powwow.

The methods of the powwow are various. Sometimes one will tell a simple-minded fellow he is bewitched, he is hexed, has a spell put upon him. Hex is both verb and noun, and comes from the German "hexenbesen" which is nothing more than the witch's besom which illustrators draw against the moon for November magazine covers. Anybody in York can give you names of powwows. Some are mountebanks and rich, some are self-deceived and poor. The richest powwow in York is "Doc" Lenhart, who is said to receive as much as $50 for a treatment and whose home is a show-place of the town.

A newspaper woman went to a powwow woman of the self-de-

luded type and was received in a small lamp-lightedroom.

"Take off your clothes," said the powwow, a poor shrunken creature. "Don't be afraid" — in answer to a look of doubt — "I'm going to cure you."

She laid the patient on a bed, and taking a string began to "measure her." When the division of the foot-length into body-length did not come out evenly, the powwow told her patient she had "opnemma."

"What do you mean?"

"It's the takin'-off. The skin's too tight acrost the chest."

There was no sense to be got out of this, and the visitor donned her clothing and paid her "gift" of a dollar. The law keeps powwows from taking fees. Later the same woman visited a rich powwow, but did not go through with the treatment when he began to blow down her dress and lay his hands upon her in an offensive manner. Nearly all the early reporters visited powwows and all came away with similar yarns.

The county medical society appointed a committee to investigate powwow, but no action has ever been taken. A parson attending the witchcraft trials, pastor of the Church of God at a small town, told of his continual combats of "the Book of Books" against the black books of the witches and powwows. For they have their books, "The Long Lost Friend" and the "Seven Books of Moses." . . . Strange reading: "Tie the heart of a bat with a red string to the right arm, and you will win at cards."

And at front and back of "The Long Lost Friend" is this cross-guarded verbal charm: "Whoever carries this book with him is safe from his enemies, visible or invisible; and whoever has this book with him cannot die without the holy corpse of Jesus Christ, nor be drowned in any water, nor burnt up in any fire, nor can any unjust sentence be passed upon him."

When John Blymyer, a gentle, mild, inoffensive cigar-maker of 33 who six years ago escaped from the State insane asylum and never was returned, was put on trial for the murder of Nelson Rehmeyer, a farmer powwow, on November 27, he told with intense sincerity and childlike candor the details of his sickly, persecution-haunted life. Obviously a psychopath, he told of visits for ten years to York powwows, paying out his five and ten dollars per visit, and receiving in return the statement that he was bewitched. Somebody had put a hex on him, and he was wasting away, slowly dying, from it. He took money to Mother Noll, an old woman who years ago had taught school but was now feared for her powers, and she told him

Nelson Rehmeyer was doing it. For further proof she took a dollar bill from the palm of his hand, told him to look, and there he saw Rehmeyer staring at him balefully, in the palm of his hand.

There were two ways to break the spell; get Rehmeyer's "book" or take from his head a lock of hair and "bury it eight foot underground." Theft of the witch's powers or symbolical murder.

Blymyer feared Rehmeyer physically. Also he feared him as a witch, for apparently the 60-year-old farmer was as cracked on witchcraft as Blymyer himself. The cigar-maker recruited two boys. John Curry, a 14-year-old Tom Sawyer, "wanted to see some of this witchcraft performed." Wilbert Hess, 18, was told to go along by his parents, who believed Blymyer when he told them they were also hexed by Rehmeyer. Blymyer set out to save his life, Hess to save his parents, and Curry to satisfy curiosity. . . . And then, at the fatal moment, fear blazed in the rabbit-hearted psychopath and he did what all fear-stricken people will do, struck in a panic. The terrified boys were sucked into the spouting flame of murder and in a short time the witch lay dead on his kitchen floor. Horrified, they tried like the juveniles they were to get rid of the gruesome evidence by arson. And two days later, on Thanksgiving, the unfed stock in Rehmeyer's barn drew discovery of the crime, and a few hours later of the culprits.

The community made great efforts to escape the limelight. Under the guise of preserving an orderly trial the judges did their best to exclude metropolitan reporters. All authorities collaborated to rush the trial through at vertiginous speed. John Curry's whole trial took hardly more than a day. The York courthouse did the fastest washing of hands that has ever come to this writer's attention. The commonwealth in the person of District Attorney Amos Herrmann, buried its head in the sand of self-righteousness against the powers of darkness, and refused to allow to the jury that there was any motive behind the crime except plunder, as represented in the dollar apiece the three spell-breakers carried off after ransacking Rehmeyer's house for "the book." Blymyer and Curry were sentenced to prison for life, Hess to from 10 to 20 years.

The slain man, Rehmeyer, was a sacrifice to the powers of darkness. The three boys (Blymyer has a mental age of eight) were the victims of a pharisaical society which suppressed the facts to protect its respectability. There is not a straw to choose between the bloody idols.

The Chain-Store Mind

Condensed from Harper's Magazine (February, '29)

Jesse Rainsford Sprague

I BECAME a hardware merchant in 1901. Our town had 25,000 people then, and is about the same now. But a big change has taken place in the business district. Scarcely any of the old individual enterprises are left. Chain stores have the best locations. There is a Woolworth, a J. C. Penny, a Grant, a Kresge, and other smaller ones like Hazzard shoes, Thom McAn, A. & P. groceries, and so forth.

I don't want to give the impression that I am finding fault. The chain stores wouldn't be here if people didn't like to trade in them. But I can't get over the impression that it isn't altogether good to have the business section dominated by outsiders. Chain stores represent absentee landlordism; and everyone knows there isn't the same sense of responsibility where the owner is far away.

I was especially impressed with this just recently in a Kresge store. At one of the counters where there was the biggest crowd was a display of cocktail shakers, wine glasses, fruit-presses, and other home-brew apparatus. I understand Mr. Kresge lives in Detroit. It is public knowledge that he has given many thousands of dollars to support the Anti-Saloon League. The point I want to make is this: If Mr. Kresge personally ran his store on Main Street and was a citizen of our town he would either have to give up his membership in the Anti-Saloon League or stop selling liquor-making apparatus.

When a man has done business in one spot as long as I have, his town becomes sort of a personality to him. He senses any change of spirit as he would sense a change in a member of his family. I would say that the character of our town has become harder, more machinelike, during the past years. All the old-time merchants speak of this. Buying used to be almost as much a social affair as it was business. Now all this easy-going atmosphere is gone.

Far be it from me to set myself up as a judge. Everyone knows the old way was less efficient. But my guess is that the chain stores have brought with them a lot of that machinelike atmosphere. You don't chat with the manager of a chain store. He is

probably a stranger in town, expecting to stay only till he's promoted to a bigger city. And he would risk his job if he mixed too much sociability with business.

As every business man knows, mass buying alone isn't enough to make a chain-store organization succeed. Local merchants can club together and buy just about as cheaply. The only advantage a chain organization has is that it can make each of its branches conform strictly to rules of efficiency laid down at headquarters. In many chains the local manager is not allowed to trim his show windows except from a prepared chart, or even to move merchandise from one counter to another. Headquarters does his thinking for him.

None of us do our thinking the way we used to. For instance, the Unitarian church here has always been regarded as a center of original thought. I took it for granted at first that the mottoes which it sets out on a signboard each week for passers-by were prepared by the pastor or a church committee; but as time went on I was struck with the peculiar tone of some of the mottoes, and noticed that they were bought from a concern called The Wayside Pulpit, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass. This address was plainly printed at the bottom, just as a bill-posting company always puts its name on the billboards so as to get a little publicity for itself.

I copied several of the weekly mottoes. One was, "If you want to rise in the world, begin by raising the level of your own thoughts." Another read, "A sad heart soon wears out. A glad heart can work overtime." There were others of a similar nature. To put it plainly, many of the mottoes seemed to me to stress unduly the idea of success, of getting on in the world; which of course has nothing to do with religion.

Perhaps the mottoes would have been no more spiritual if they had been written by our local pastor. But one thing is sure: If they had been written by home people, no matter how crudely, they would have carried more conviction than was the case when the name of the producing firm appeared so prominently.

This tendency to buy ready-made thoughts and ideas has spread amazingly during the past few years. When I first went into business the banks represented the last word in individualism. According to the name of the president they were spoken of as "the Lampson Bank," "the Redfield Bank," and so forth. I used to do business with the Redfield Bank, the real name of which was the First National. Mr. William Redfield was a dignified old gen-

tleman; some people said he was not public spirited, but in the panic of 1907, when it looked as though the Saw works would have to close down, he advanced $80,000 out of his own pocket so the employes would not be thrown out of their jobs.

Sometimes I wonder what Mr. William Redfield would think of his bank now. His son Allen is president and there is no denying that the Bank has grown. But what I don't like is the fact that none of our banks appears to do much of its own thinking in its efforts to increase volume. Even the leaflets which are scattered on the customers' desks to advertise the banks' services are nearly all bought ready-made from concerns in New York. I can't believe these leaflets are good advertising. If I am thinking about making my will, or of appointing an executor of my estate, I want to talk with someone who has some personal ideas on those subjects rather than to someone who has his sales talk prepared for him.

There is always the risk, when you buy ready-made ideas, that they will lead you into illogical situations. For example, the ready-made literature stresses the value of Thrift as a builder of character. The Bank is represented as intensely interested in Service and desirous of uplifting the working people through helping them save. But I was there a short time ago, talking with Allen Redfield, and saw a fellow whom I knew negotiating a loan. This fellow is a newcomer in town and sends out solicitors to sell silk underwear and beauty preparations on installments to the wives of laborers, white and colored. They pay 50 cents down and 25 cents a week thereafter. I mentioned to Allen Redfield that I was surprised this dealer was on a borrowing basis at the First National.

"Oh, he's all right," Allen answered easily. "He gets three or four hundred per cent profit on his stuff, and he doesn't hesitate to garnishee the wages of any laborer whose wife doesn't pay up. He's a good risk."

I explained to Allen that I wasn't thinking about the Bank's risk, but about the Bank's solicitude for the welfare of the working classes as expressed in the leaflets. At first he didn't seem to know what I meant; but then he laughed and said:

"Oh, those leaflets: we buy them by the thousand and put them out to stimulate deposits. I never bother to read them!"

Up to 1921 we had two papers in our town, the *Morning Call* and the *Evening Tribune*. Both were pretty good sheets, but we were especially proud of the *Call*.

Mr. John Thayer, who owned it, had a faculty for training young reporters. Several local boys who grew up under him became quite well-known writers. His editorials carried weight because he never let the business office influence his editorial page, and he fought dishonesty wherever he saw it.

After he died, both papers were bought by a corporation and consolidated into the *Call-Tribune*. That was about the last of our having a purely local paper. The *Call-Tribune* put on a high pressure advertising campaign, and was soon able to get out editions of 24, and sometimes 36 pages. Naturally there wasn't local news to balance so many pages of advertising, so a lot of syndicated material was added. The editorial policy underwent a change. The new manager, a man from Pittsburgh, came in to see me about renewing my advertising contract, and I asked him as a joke just what the policy of the paper was. He laughed and said, "The safest policy in the world. The *Call-Tribune* stands for the sanctity of the American home!"

Whatever the policy was, it paid. Then the *Call-Tribune* became part of a chain and has got farther than ever away from being a source of local thought. Practically all its editorials are written at the head office of the chain. Local news is overshadowed by syndicate features. Every afternoon it features Andy Gump, Jiggs, Dr. S. Parkes Cadman, Salesman Sam, and the Hotel Stenographer. It also prints two news letters from New York City that tell us what the big gamblers, and the hostesses of night clubs are doing. But the *Call-Tribune* still stands four square for the sanctity of the American home. It even prints a Bible text each day at the top of the editorial page. This jumble is a bit upsetting. If it were an out and out journal of sporting life, like the *Police Gazette*, people would know what they were reading it for.

I hope I have not shown too much feeling against our town's tendency to take its standards from the outside. But I feel strongly about this thing. I'm afraid our town is losing something that we old-timers used to prize, something that you might call character.

Helium—Strangest Gas in the World

Condensed from Popular Science (February, '29)

Arthur A. Stuart

A FEW weeks ago the little Navy blimp J-3, descending to its hangar, ran afoul of a weather vane. With a ripping noise her gas cells parted, and 25,000 cubic feet of helium gas disappeared to wander among the elements.

Only ten years ago that mishap would have cost the Navy approximately $36,000,000. In fact helium then was so rare as to be virtually priceless. All lighter-than-air craft were filled with the highly inflammable hydrogen gas. Yet today the loose change in your pocket might buy a barrel of helium, a cubic foot costing only about three cents.

Within the last few years new fields of natural gas, from which come high percentages of helium, have been discovered and cheaper methods of extraction developed. It is said, for example, that the new Government plant near Amarillo, Texas, will be able to supply the entire needs of the United States for many years to come.

And the United States is the only nation having, as far as anyone knows, any considerable quantity of helium. Practically the world's entire supply — which is to say, the United States', for its export is forbidden by law — comes from the natural gases of Texas, Oklahoma, and Kansas.

Helium (from the Greek "helios," meaning "the sun") is a colorless, odorless, tasteless noninflammable gas with about 92.5 percent of the lifting capacity of hydrogen, the lightest gas known. It was first discovered in the sun by means of the spectroscope, in 1868, and discovered on the earth, in supposedly infinitesimal quantities, in 1895.

Because of its lightness and noninflammability, its chief use has been to fill the gasbags of airships. Such ships do not have to risk the appalling disasters experienced by some hydrogen-filled airships.

When the *Graf Zeppelin* made its recent flight from Germany to the United States, smoking was forbidden. No food was cooked. Precautions were taken even against the flashing of a tiny spark from a tack in the heel of a passenger's shoe by contact with metal in the deck. At the Lakehurst, N. J., landing field

every spectator was handed a printed request not to smoke, even in the open air. The huge silk and rubber sausage was filled with hydrogen, probably the most highly inflammable substance known. Meanwhile the *Los Angeles* nestled safely in its hangar — filled with fireproof helium.

Of late years, other uses for helium have come to light. It will prevent the "bends" or caisson disease that affects deep-sea divers. It is used in metallurgy, fills radio tubes, and finds a place in scientific instruments. It cools electric transformers. It aids in chemical drying plants.

Helium is the least soluble of all gases in water or other liquids. The excessively painful "bends" felt by a diver emerging too suddenly are believed due to bubbles of nitrogen gas, normally part of the air, which are forced into his blood under high pressure and which froth out as he reaches the surface. Since helium will not dissolve in the blood, an oxygen-helium mixture is supplied to the diver instead of air, and experiments indicate that the menace of the "bends" is ended. Helium is insoluble, too, in molten metals, and so is a valued tool in metallurgy.

Helium, although lighter than air, is stickier. This peculiarity makes it ideal for filling the interior of nautical and scientific instruments. In these, delicately balanced parts seem to swing interminably before they slow sufficiently for readings to be taken. An atmosphere of helium instead of air "dampens" the vibrations and makes reading easy.

Radio tubes, and glow tubes used in television make use of helium because of its insulating qualities, and the fact that, in a low pressure tube, it produces a brilliant glow. Helium conducts heat six times as well as air; you would shiver if you were surrounded by it, for the gas, permeating your clothes, would draw off your body's warmth in no time. Hence it forms an excellent cooling blanket for high-speed dynamos. If you could hang up your clothes to dry in a tank of helium gas, they would dry in double-quick time. It is used in this way to dry chemicals.

The gas has other queer characteristics, which may some day be put to work. Chilled until it changes from a gas to a liquid, for instance, helium is the coldest known fluid. It liquefies at about 450 degrees F. *below* zero, and has been chilled by Professor Onnes, at Leiden, Holland, to the coldest temperature ever produced by man — 457 degrees below zero, or within two degrees of that "absolute zero" that physicists call the rock bottom of the temperature scale. Some of this

liquid helium, placed on ice, would boil like water on a red-hot stove. It would make a tin cup as brittle as glass, and freeze mercury so solid that nails could be driven with it. Moreover, helium is one of the loneliest of the chemical elements, and has only once been suspected of combining with another element — mercury. Perhaps these properties will suggest new uses in time.

In 1912, just before the war, only 15 cubic feet of helium were known to exist. This supply was owned by the cold-temperature pioneer, Professor Onnes, and he valued it at $30,000.

During the war a curious incident is said to have occurred that set nations thinking. A Royal Flying Corps pilot met a Zeppelin in the clouds one day in 1917, and opened fire with incendiary bullets. The ship should have burst into flame, but didn't. The amazed pilot reported the mystery, and an eminent British scientist said that the dirigible was undoubtedly inflated with helium gas. There were no more fireproof Zeppelins during the war, for this single "mystery ship" probably exhausted the last cubic foot of the stuff in Germany. But it started world-wide hunts for the gas. The United States set up the first helium extraction plant at Fort Worth, Texas.

Later, helium was found at Dexter, Kansas, in a curious way. In 1903, two drillers digging for oil, had struck a heavy flow of gas. Local boosters talked of an industrial boom, and prepared a celebration. But when the time came to light the gas, after appropriate oratory, it wouldn't burn. Visitors from surrounding towns snickered and went home. Their newspapers kidded Dexter wickedly.

It was Professor Cady, of the University of Kansas, who happened to discover that this "worthless" gas contained nearly two percent of helium. Drills found still richer helium at greater depths, and at the end of 1917 a plant was running there.

To extract helium from natural gas, the gas is squeezed and chilled to a temperature of 300 degrees below zero. At this searing cold, everything but the helium turns to liquid. The helium is then drawn off, still a gas and squeezed into cylinders, under pressure of 2000 pounds to the square inch, for transportation to the air field. Twelve carloads of helium, thus compressed, will fill the *Los Angeles*. Formerly the chilling process had to be performed in several stages, at great expense, but the Bureau of Mines has so perfected the system that the whole process is now a single operation.

How to Make Your Mind Behave

Condensed from The American Magazine (February, '29)

An interview with Frederick B. Robinson, President of the College of the City of New York, by M. K. Wisehart

VISITING an exhibition given by the well known Brooklyn Etchers' Club, I was astonished to notice that two particularly attractive etchings were signed by a man I had known for years. Until that moment I had not had the slightest inkling that Frederick B. Robinson included etching among his varied accomplishments.

A friend who was with me added that Dr. Robinson had recently become a fair amateur musician. He had done it because certain of his friends had been skeptical of his theory that, within certain limits, a man can accomplish anything he sets out to do. They had suggested that he learn to play the cello within six months. Though entirely unfamiliar with musical instruments, he had given them a "recital" at the end of 60 days. It included Massenet's "Elégie," Pergolese's "Tre Giorni," Handel's "Largo," and Mendelssohn's "Spring Song," all played, as the professional musicians agreed, very acceptably.

Recently, influenced by the belief that in the way this distinguished educator went about learning to play the cello there might be a valuable lesson for the rest of us, I called at his office to make further inquiries about it.

"There is no secret about the small measure of success I achieved," he said. "*I worked; I applied myself.* The important thing is that I have learned to love the cello. I have bought a real 'old master,' and look forward to studying under a professional teacher and becoming a really good player."

"Concentration means more to you than to most of us," I said. "Just what *is* concentration?"

"I think of concentration as a kind of stamina, or mental tenacity, the result of a consistent purpose. It is the art of making our minds behave. It requires *choice:* fixing our mind and energies on *one* thing to the exclusion of others.

"The men who achieve important positions in life depend less upon their natural special aptitudes than on this *acquired ability* to fix the attention upon any specific problem and to hold the mind to that problem until they have seen it through.

"As to the mental processes involved in the act of concentration, the psychologists still are in the dark. We know no more about it than we do of electricity, but there are methods for the control and use of both. Not as a psychologist, but as a practical man, I have found four simple principles of great use to me in developing and applying my mental powers.

"1. A keen and active interest — zest — in the subject or task to be mastered is essential.

"2. We must learn to amass in an orderly way the raw materials of our thinking. *Get the facts!* Stress those which bear on the problem, and subordinate the others.

"3. If we want to think and hit hard, we must learn to take it easy! That is to say, the most *efficient* use of our mental and physical energy is likewise the most economical.

"4. There is evidently something in the mind which, after a sustained effort, becomes temporarily exhausted but recovers and goes on trying and trying, so that the ultimate solution of the problem may come in an altogether unexpected way. To a certain extent, we can *make the subconscious work for us.*

"The first principle concerns interest. I made progress in becoming an amateur etcher and cellist because I was naturally interested. But if I had *not* been keenly interested naturally, I feel certain that I could have found ways and means of stimulating the interest necessary to make my efforts effective. It is often necessary to look forward to desired results rather than feeling only the drudgery of the moment.

"My second principle is to get the facts. Remember that when the mind is 'going in circles,' over and over the same matter, without new ideas occurring to us or our conclusions sharpening, the cause is presumably a lack of information on which a definite decision could be based. *Successful results cannot be obtained from an effort of the will in a vacuum.*

"Let me illustrate my third principle: When I was a young man, working under pressure and attempting to accomplish varied tasks in the shortest possible time, I used to rush at them and get 'steamed up.' Later, I learned that this was not the way in which really effective men handle themselves. Rather, such men are completely at their ease even under urgent and distracting circumstances.

"There is a judge whose mind I have watched in action. How easily it travels along with the thread of counsel's argument even in the midst of exciting disputes! Never disturbed, he takes things easily, in his quiet, even way asking a question now and then. When doing our hardest thinking, there should be a general relaxation and serenity of body and mind, but with a deliberate focusing of the mind and a maximum of intensity in *one* direction.

"In my own experience I have found it useful, when I have long been working on some particular question and find myself getting high-strung and tense, to

pause deliberately in my speech or meditations, relax, breathe deeply, and simply wait till the tense condition has abated.

"Of equal importance with this principle of relaxation is another: too long a study of one problem may cause the mind to 'go stale.' Physical diversion or a change in the form of our mental activity may pave the way for a solution of some long-pondered problem.

"As students, many of us have had this experience: After working hard at night on a particular problem, we have solved it with ease the next morning. Such work, accomplished by the mind without our consciously directing its activities, would appear to be the very opposite of concentration. But remember that without the intense, concentrated effort that went before, such flashes of insight are not apt to occur.

"One of the best exercises I know of for actually developing *skill* in concentration, for young and old, is to read carefully a paragraph of a book, then turn the book down and name the essential points covered in that paragraph. Once you can do this with a short paragraph, practice doing the same with a longer paragraph, and then several paragraphs.

"Or jot down the main points of an address by a speaker, and when the address is over, with these points memorized, develop the speech over again in your own way.

"It is well to recall what a few of our notable men have said on this subject of concentrated energy. Under all these sayings one may see a common denominator of meaning and emphasis: namely, that the great difference between those who achieve and those who fail consists not so much in the amount of time devoted to work by each, but in the degree to which he intelligently applies his powers, mental and physical, to one purpose. Charles Kingsley said:

"'I go at what I am about as if there were nothing else in the world for the time being. That's the secret of all hard-working men.'

"And Carlyle:

"'The weakest creature by concentrating his powers on a single object, can accomplish something; whereas the strongest, by dispersing his over many, may fail to accomplish anything.'

"And Dickens:

"'The one serviceable, safe, certain, remunerative, attainable quality in every study and pursuit is that of attention. My own imagination would never have served me as it did but for the habit of *humble, daily, toiling attention.*'"

Eskimos at Home

Condensed from The Scientific American (February, '29)

Donald A. Cadzow

THE name Eskimo is a corruption of the Indian word Esquimantiac, meaning "eaters of raw flesh." The name really is quite appropriate even today, as most of the Eskimos prefer certain foods raw and frozen rather than cooked.

The winter houses of the Eskimos, marvelously made of snow blocks built up in spiral courses, are constructed in various sizes, from the little temporary igloo of the hunter, to the great community house, sometimes 12 or 14 feet high. The latter house usually is built on a smooth spot of ice and most of the tribal dances and ceremonies are held in it. The younger men use it as a gymnasium where they can wrestle and show their strength. In extremely cold days in winter, say 65 or 70 degrees below zero, the children come into the big snow houses to play their games, and their mothers to gossip, sew, and soften their husbands' boots and other clothing by chewing on them. It is not an uncommon sight to see an old woman with her teeth worn down to the gums from chewing upon seal and caribou skins.

For heating and lighting their igloos the Eskimos use a stone lamp. The Eskimos have always been, and still are, utterly dependent upon their lamps for existence, for with no fat or oil in the snow houses in winter to feed the lamps, they would freeze to death. Moss mixed with oil rendered from animal fat is burned in the lamps.

Summer is the happy time for the Eskimos, for as soon as the sun is high they move out of their snow houses and into their summer houses made of sealskin. The rivers and the sea teem with Arctic trout, salmon, seals and walrus. Ducks and geese are flying northward. The polar bear is easy to kill in the water or on the ice pans.

The small hunting boat of the Eskimo is the ***kaiak***. This craft, usually only about 10 or 15 feet long, is made of seal skins and drift wood, and has only a small hatch left in the top for a man to crawl into. He sits on the bottom and lashes himself in with waterproof skins, so that although water may pass entirely over him, scarcely a drop enters the craft. He propels himself swiftly

with a paddle. If the *kaiak* should happen to tip over, it is perfectly all right with the Eskimo, for with a flip of his paddle he rights it. I have seen them spin their *kaiaks* in the water like a pinwheel.

Walrus hunting is dangerous, as it often happens that a wounded walrus will turn and attack the hunter. If the thin skin of the boat is torn, the Eskimo may drown, because few Eskimos can swim even if they could cut themselves free from the boat. Whale hunting is another occupation which tests the skill of the *kaiaker*, and when a number of Eskimos in these little boats put their harpoons into a 25-ton whale, all kinds of unpleasant things can happen. But the Eskimos have to live, and when they see a whale they go after him, and often tow him home to the beach for their waiting families and dogs.

The clothes worn by the Eskimos are the only practical garments for an Arctic winter, and they have been adopted by explorers. Dressed skins of the caribou are preferred for clothing, but fur skins and pelts of birds sewed together are also used. Two suits of clothing are always worn in winter, one with the hair next to the skin, and the other with the hair turned out.

Among the so called "blonde" or Copper Eskimos, who live west and north of Hudson's Bay, both men and women wear coats with long tails down the back. These look very much like the formal dress coats worn in civilization. Among these people the only way I could tell a man from a woman was by the size of the hood on the coat. A woman's hood is made large because children are carried naked against the mother's back until they are old enough to walk and take care of themselves.

In south Greenland, blue and white fox skins are used for clothing. Often a suit of clothing from this region would have a market value of $1000 in civilization for the skins alone. The men of the region prefer to have their trousers made of polar bear skin, as it does not tear as easily as fox.

Living for centuries under extreme conditions, the Eskimos have survived untold hardship, increased in numbers and maintained a cheerful and friendly disposition through it all. Any normal white man who has been in contact with them respects and admires their many fine qualities.

The Modern Child Should Guide Himself

Condensed from The World's Work (January, '29)

Harry Emerson Fosdick

MANY parents go at rearing their children on a method of trial and error. They work at random, sometimes lax in their discipline, sometimes severe, and without seeing plainly toward what result the education should be chiefly directed. This essay maintains that children should be trained primarily for independence.

At once many parents will say, "Independence? That is the last thing wanted. Children are too independent now! One might as well throw kerosene on fire as to train youth now for independence."

But such an outburst misses the point. The children of today are independent, and nothing can keep them from being so. But they are not being trained for it. They are going into it as if independence were easy to handle, whereas of all the arts it is the finest.

Under a feudal system, all life was controlled by successive obediences, each lower rank subservient to the next above, and children were naturally and rightly trained from infancy in the high art of obeying. To make obedience to external authority the central aim of child training now, however, is to miss the point of youth's crucial need.

Some of us were so fortunate as to be reared in homes where we were trained to obey something not external to ourselves but within. Call it conscience, or ideals, or what you will — we were taught that within us was a central object of our rightful loyalty. Some of us can recall with what insistence and skill our parents, in cases of transgression, pushed back our sense of guilt from the consciousness of having broken a rule to the feeling that we had violated something within ourselves. We were taught that codes and rules, parents and teachers were valuable only as they made this inward law visible and cogent; that the real shame lay in being untrue to oneself.

The upshot of such training is plain. The youth, having been reared to obey something within himself, does not leave it behind him when he goes from home. He never can escape it. He has been trained to take charge of his own life — prepared for independence.

This ideal involves another

principle: that the parent should never decide for the child anything that the child can decide for himself. One of the French kings, in engaging a tutor for his children, is said to have summed up his duties by saying, "Make yourself useless as soon as possible." In a real sense that is the proper motto for parenthood.

To such counsel some parents will reply indignantly that they will do no such thing, that they wish to keep their children and always be needed and loved by them. But the point is that there is only one way to get that kind of affection from one's children. Train them for independence. Help them to take intelligent charge of their own lives. Children so trained will never cease coming voluntarily to seek advice from such wise parents and will never cease to be grateful. Every psychiatrist and minister knows, alas, the bitter reactions against "too much parent."

The training should begin in the earliest years and about the smallest matters. Some things, of course, the parents must decide, but many a question can at once be tossed back to even a little child with the inquiry, "What do you think?" And whenever possible the child should be faced with the opportunity to do exactly what he pleases in some choice.

This leads us to the principle of democratic methods in the conduct of the family. A child from the beginning ought to be called into the family's counsels and consulted on the family's affairs. A little child is naturally the most loyal of creatures and would far rather than not be devoted to the coöperative interests of his group. Every normal person, even the child, likes to feel that he counts at least one in any group to which he belongs. One of the major secrets of the successful family is the practical use of this fact. Some of us recall, when we were very young, being invited to sit down in the council of our elders and deliver ourselves of such wisdom as we possessed. Such a procedure capitalizes the child's instinctive loyalties. He finds his self-esteem and satisfaction in coöperating instead of in dissension.

The training of children in independence cannot be well done without introducing them as early as possible to the experience of work that is creative. Our modern home life is a conspiracy to make the child a passive receptacle of favors rather than an active agent. We take our children to the stadium and let other people play ball games for them, or to the concert and let others make music for them. They are constantly the recipients but too seldom creators.

Nothing so makes a child rightly self-reliant as the ability to do something well, though it be nothing more than to wash dishes, build a boat, or swim expertly. Multitudes of our homes are too soft. A child needs tasks with his hands at home. He should share in the responsibilities of carrying on the household. Every creative hobby should be encouraged, whether the youth wishes to make radio sets, build playhouses, go fishing, put on theatricals, play a violin, or write poetry. The important matter is that he do something productive of self-reliance.

Finally, the home must supply a quality of good taste that acts in ethical matters a good deal as a bank teller's touch acts in discerning good money from counterfeit. At this crucial point multitudes of homes break down. In "Bunty Pulls the Strings" the boy complains that he does not understand the catechism. "Naebody's expectin' ye to understand it," says the father; "lärn it." That familiar and external method of teaching stands a child in poor stead in our day when externals are shifting so rapidly.

The old code of conduct, for example, once solved the problem of the theater by a sweeping prohibition which was laid down in a multitude of homes not as a thing to understand but simply as something to be obeyed. Today, however, that ban is off. Almost everybody goes to the theater. So far from solving the problem, however, this only accentuates it. For the American theater is in a deplorable condition, where much that is fed to the populace is rottenness. There is no external code of conduct that a child can learn. Only good taste will serve.

It becomes a question of what the child likes. And here is the crux of child training. Likes and dislikes are absorbed; they are not so much taught as caught. The only way to prevent a child from liking cheap books is to begin from the earliest years to introduce him to the love of the best reading. The only way to save a child from the obsession of jazz is to have good music so familiar that he cannot love the lowest. The only way to make a child morally safe is to get a standard of human relationships in the family so high that in spite of temptations his palate, having tasted that, cannot content itself with poorer fare.

Moral independence in the last analysis is the maintenance of one's own inward standards of good taste against prevailing vulgarity and low-mindedness.

Le Bourget—Grand Central of the Air

Condensed from The Living Age (February, '29)

Thurston Macauley

SCARCELY an American returns from Europe these days who has not been to Le Bourget. For, even if one does not arrive by plane, or take off from there on an aërial journey to some distant city, at least a visit is paid to see the tablet embedded in the terrain on the spot first touched by the wheels of *The Spirit of St. Louis* at the end of its memorable flight.

Residents of the little village of Le Bourget, on the outskirts of Paris, can remember when the now historic flying field was a cow pasture. It was during the last war that Le Bourget was used as a training field for French airmen, and became the jumping-off point for the pilots who flew out to drive enemy planes, headed for Paris, back over their own lines. After the Armistice, military aviation gave way to a network of air lines that now cover nearly all the Eastern Hemisphere like some gigantic spider web, and Paris, or rather Le Bourget, found itself the logical center of the vast system of European airways.

The best approach to Le Bourget, naturally, is by air. Every year an increasing number of people fly between London and Paris. The fastest trains and boats on the Dover-Calais route take six hours, while it requires but two hours and a half of actual flight from Croyden to Le Bourget. Nor are the prices prohibitive. The air lines charge the equivalent of about $20 for the trip from London to Paris one way, with a substantial reduction on round-trip tickets. Then, there are second-class planes on which the fare is even less, the only difference being that these planes start earlier in the morning. Two companies operate in friendly rivalry — the Imperial Airways, a British firm subsidized by the Government, and the Air Union, a French concern. Each has its regular patrons and boosters.

Suppose we have just reached Le Bourget after a delightful crossing. From above, the field is seen as a great triangle, its apex pointing toward Paris. The commercial airport, with huge hangars, administration building, and offices, lies along the right side of the triangle; the military hangars and barracks of the French aëro-squadron stationed there are on the left side. As our plane comes

down, after circling the airport, the field comes nearer and nearer and in a few moments the wheels touch the ground.

We make our descent to the ground by means of a small step-ladder, and our baggage is immediately taken by porters into the customs building. Mail from the "hold" of the plane is meanwhile loaded directly on to a truck, which has its motor running, for delivery in Paris within an hour.

Another plane nearby, a Luft Hansa Junkers, is almost ready to take off for Berlin. As we were getting out of our plane we noticed the all-metal plane, with its low, upward curving wings, being brought out of its hangar. Now business men are climbing into the cabin, to keep appointments in Germany. Other passengers are being helped aboard, luggage and mail are stowed away, and the German pilot, who has just been given his clearance papers, takes his post at the controls. The motors whir. Friends at the airport shout farewells to those in the plane, who wave back as nonchalantly as if they were merely off for a short ride on an express train. The plane taxis down to one end of the field, turns, and after a run leaves the ground, soars skyward as gracefully as any of its feathered rivals, and soon vanishes in the blue.

If you want to know the time the next Berlin plane takes off or when the next plane from Amsterdam is due, you merely consult the huge metal signboard at the end of the field. All day long and even far into the night, planes are continually arriving and departing. One can fly to Lyons, Marseilles, or Cannes, in France, and to Ostend, Brussels, or Geneva, on French airways; to Rotterdam and Amsterdam over the Dutch lines, and, continuing from Holland, on to Hamburg or Copenhagen; to Zurich, Munich, Vienna, Budapest, or Constantinople; to Spain, and to Algeria and Morocco across the Mediterranean; and even to Warsaw and far away Moscow.

There is no place in Europe, no matter how remote, that you cannot reach with speed and comfort from Le Bourget. And from the point of view of seeing the country, I think that one gets a far better impression of the territory from an altitude of several thousand feet than is possible from the window of an express train racing along the surface.

As far as safety is concerned, the *contrôle* at Le Bourget is constantly in touch by wireless telephone with planes on the various routes to and from the airport. It is interesting to note that the SOS of the air has been universally adopted throughout Europe as "mayday," an Anglicization of

the French, "*m'aidez*," which, translated, means "help me." In the event of a forced landing, the pilot sends out the distress signal, "mayday," and a relief plane is immediately dispatched from the nearest airport. Millions of miles are flown, but forced landings are so rare as to be almost an unknown quantity.

Le Bourget, as is the case with practically every principal airport in Europe, has a completely equipped meteorological station. Its walls are covered with huge maps on which are shown the weather conditions, wind velocity, and visibility for all points along the various routes. Every pilot studies this map before taking off, to know just what sort of atmospheric conditions to expect.

It might be observed here that weather conditions have to be pretty bad to interfere with the regular schedule: the experts at the controls of the planes have flown day in, day out, in all sorts of weather. Many a day the London planes make their flight without a glimpse of land after leaving Le Bourget until they come down at Croyden, navigating the course entirely by compass.

For night flying, the principal airways are lighted with beacons, similar to those on our mail-plane routes. Each airport has its beacon flashing in code.

As a newspaper man working in Paris, I have spent many entire days (and nights) at Le Bourget, awaiting with anxious thousands the arrival of flyers who had set out to span the Atlantic. There was a day in May, 1927, that will never be forgotten at Le Bourget. What a mighty cheer of mingled relief and joy went up when, after wild rumors followed by denials, the sound of a motor was heard and Lindbergh's shadowy monoplane began to take form in the darkness.

There were long vigils at Le Bourget for Byrd and his crew, for Haldeman and Ruth Elder, and other flights. Thousands of Parisians remained at Le Bourget all one night, fearing that the gallant "*Commandant Beard*," as they called him, and his companions were lost, as France's beloved Nungesser and Coli had been lost.

These flights gave a stimulus to air travel all over the world. Even Europe, with its airway systems, was affected by them. Before, it had been primarily business men who patronized the European lines; today, all classes have become vitally interested in flying.

America's Taj Mahal

Condensed from Scribner's Magazine (February, '29)

Edward W. Bok (See note inside back cover)

FIVE years ago Frederick Law Olmstead was given the commission to change a dreary sandhill at Mountain Lake, Florida, into a spot of beauty second to none in the country. There were but two natural advantages: the presence of a hundred virgin pine trees and a natural elevation of 324 feet above sea level. But Florida has no equal in the reward which it offers to the planter of flower, shrub, and tree. Mr. Olmstead knew that the problem was water, and for a year he did naught but dig trenches and lay water-pipes.

Then he began to plant. This planting consisted largely of bushes with berries suitable for the transmigratory birds which flew over Florida twice a year in their flight from the frozen north to Cuba and the West Indies, where thousands of birds lost their lives from exhaustion on their long migration. The verdure to be planted grew in the swamps and lowlands of Florida, and the miracle to be performed was to transplant it to the dry, high ground, 5 to 40 miles distant. The planting was of large specimens: blueberries and gall-berries shoulder-high, and magnolia, gordonia, suriname cherries, and live-oak trees from 10 to 40 feet high. Thousands of dogwood, wild-plum, acacia, and currant were also transferred. A lower color effect was attempted by the planting of 8000 azalea shrubs and groups of iris and lily. Of course thousands of loads of rich black soil had to be drawn to the Sanctuary to make this planting possible.

Today, visitors are amazed at a scene which looks more like a planting 15 years old. Two lakes were dug and added, and from their banks the impression is conveyed that they have always been there. In these ponds teal ducks, the colorful wood-ducks, and the only flamingoes in the United States live and add an interest to the water. A wonderful panorama of a 40-mile view gives the visitor the impression that he is in hilly Vermont. Myriads of birds have quickly found the haven where they can rest; they bathe in the 50 or more shallow bird-baths provided, eat the millions of berries offered as their food, and fill the air with song. One hears the unusual and

superb song of the nightingale, imported from England, and nowhere else to be heard in the United States. It is nothing unusual to hear the mocking-bird, the thrush, the robin, the Kentucky cardinal, the bob-white, the blue jay, the towhee, the warblers, all singing and whistling in concert, producing a combination of note and song entrancing in its effect.

In short, the miracle, which so many discouraged at the outset, of transforming a hill of sand to the most beautiful spot of its area in America has been accomplished, and fills the visitor with amazement and admiration.

This transformation was incomplete until the rest of the dream could also be realized: the erection of the most beautiful carillon tower in the world, with a carillon of bells second to none in the United States or Europe. Hence, the other half of the "mountain," as it is called, — for it is the highest spot of land in Florida — was purchased as the ideal location. The proper height to give the necessary sweep to the sound of the bells is 500 feet. But here nature had provided a height of 324 feet, so that a tower of 205 feet was all that was necessary, with a surrounding country noted for its quiet.

The commission was given to Milton B. Medary, for a tower to be as beautiful as that at Malines, Belgium — the inspiration of architects for over 400 years — but adapted to the warmer climate of Florida. How beautiful was Mr. Medary's conception may best be proven by the fact that every travelled visitor who sees it now is immediately reminded of the Taj Mahal, in India, and unhesitatingly ranks it with that world-renowned tomb, both in its whole and its detail of stone and its wealth of sculpture as designed and executed, in this instance, by the sculptor, Lee Lawrie.

The outer covering of the Tower is a layer of the most beautiful pink marble from the Georgia Marble Quarries, with the base up to 150 feet of native coquina rock, — tan in color, — the same as was used by the Spaniards in the old fort at St. Augustine. It is the perfect blend of these mixtures of stone that gives the Tower its unbelievable tone of beauty, particularly at sunrise when the rising orb fairly bathes the pink marble and brings out its marvellous tone. The same is true in the ruby glow of the setting sun.

A 15-foot-wide moat, suggestive of Old World castles, surrounds the Tower. Between the Tower and the moat is a majestic series of palms. These palms are already 40 feet in height, the

constant wonder being the height and width of girth of the trees you can transplant in Florida, invariably with gratifying success. In front of the Tower a reflection lake has been made, presenting a complete picture of the majestic piece of architecture at the feet of the visitor. This lake of reflection heightens the comparison of the Tower with the Taj Mahal.

The inside of the Tower has a utilitarian purpose in that it contains two 30,000-gallon water-tanks insuring the Sanctuary's private water-supply drawn by electric power from Mountain Lake, a few hundred yards distant.

The question is asked by many visitors: "Why the name 'Singing Tower'?" This definition comes from the Netherlands, where in mediæval times such towers were erected from which sentinels could see the flooding of the dikes or the coming of invaders. The blowing of a horn summoned the people to the threatened danger. Later, a bell replaced the horn and, in the 17th century, that majestic instrument, the carillon, was evolved.

The carillon in the Tower is the largest ever cast by the Taylor Foundry at Loughborough, England. It consists of 61 bells with 48 tones, or four octaves, the 13 upper tones being duplicated and ringing two at a time so as to avoid the inevitable tinny sound of small bells. The largest bell, the tenor bell as it is called, weighs 11 tons; the smallest bells weigh each 17 pounds. Anton Brees, the Belgian bell-master, is in residence at Mountain Lake from December 1 to May 1; and as an emergency adjunct in case of the illness or absence of the bell-master, an automatic key-board which plays from rolls on the Duo-Art principle has been installed.

The purpose of it all? Simply to preach the gospel and influence of beauty reaching out to visitors through tree, shrub, flowers, birds, superb architecture, the music of bells, and the sylvan setting. And a restful, quiet, beautiful spot where visitors may feel, as the sign at the entrance declares by an extract from John Burroughs:

"I come here to find myself. It is so easy to get lost in the world."

(*Mr. Bok has recently announced that the Tower will carry a beacon to guard the airways.*)

Tobacco Among the Indians

Condensed from The American Mercury (January, '29)

Cornelia H. Dam

THAT tobacco, unknown outside of America before the voyage of Columbus, had been widely used by the Indians from time immemorial is evidenced by the frequent discovery of pipes in very ancient graves, and by the apparent antiquity of many of the myths, beliefs and ceremonies connected with its use.

For the Indian everywhere it had a mystical character and was invariably represented to be divinely created and revealed to man, or first obtained through some miraculous adventure of a legendary hero of the tribe.

The Indian, psychically sensitive, ever conscious of the mysteries of the physical world in which he moved, felt the presence of unseen powers everywhere about him, in animals, the wind, the water, and in the multitudinous operations of nature which he realized himself so pitifully unable to influence or control. He imagined himself in the midst of a vast spirit world, in which "even the smallest insect could see four days ahead," and in which he alone was powerless. But under the narcotic effect of inhaling deep draughts of tobacco smoke, he felt, in the pleasant dizziness that overcame him, a sense of supernatural power. He came to regard tobacco as a bridge to the spirit world, and the plant itself as a magic weed that in its death, by burning, released a spirit, the smoke, which carried his prayers to the unseen world above.

No wonder, then, that tobacco came to be his most precious possession; he used it daily in his private prayers, and no ceremony was conducted without it. At the end of his life, so he believed, it would be impossible without abundant offerings of tobacco and ceremonial smoking at his funeral, for his spirit to start out on the long road that all ghosts must travel.

Before starting on a hunt the Indian offered tobacco to the spirits of the animals he wished to kill. Similarly, he offered tobacco to the spirits of the animals whose aid he wished in making medicine. No medicine man went out to practice without his pipe and tobacco. The Pima doctor begins his treatment by puffing thick clouds of smoke

over the patient, in which he soon "sees" the nature of the disease.

The white man's trade tobacco was considered worthless for ceremonial purposes, and most tribes grew their own according to tribal ritual. The Yuki used wild tobacco, but the Yurok would not, for fear that it might be from a graveyard. The Southwestern and some California Indians valued plants or seeds in proportion to the distance they had been brought.

Among the Crow the ceremony of growing tobacco reached its most elaborate form in the development of a Tobacco Society with an elaborate organization and no end of rules and regulations. At the time of planting, the official mixers of the various chapters met to discuss the site for planting and the formulae for mixing the seed, which had been revealed to them in visions during the year. Periodic inspection of the field, according to formula, and more ceremonies at the harvest, assured the maximum quantity and magic quality of the crop.

Every self-respecting Indian possessed his well-made pipe and relied upon the precious weed to refresh him, but in spite of its universal use tobacco never lost its supernatural character in the Indian's mind. The sacred character of tobacco made the act of smoking a pledge of mutual confidence and the pledge of the peace pipe was seldom broken until the white man came to teach the Indian the advantages of perfidy. This stranger profited no end from the exploitation of the Indian's most valued possession and in a short time the cultivation and use of tobacco had spread around the world.

Spanish, French and English all claimed to have been the first to introduce it into Europe. Jean Nicot, French ambassador to the Portuguese court, sent seeds to Catherine de Medici, in acknowledgment of which the plant was named *Nicotiana*. No Indians, however, ever claimed more extraordinary properties for tobacco than those ascribed to it by the first Europeans, as is illustrated by this eloquent exposition by Hariot, in 1585:

> The Indians used to take the fume or smoke thereof by sucking it through pipes made of claie into their stomacke and heade; from whence it purgeth superfluous fleame & other grosse humors, openeth all the pores & passages of the body . . . whereby their bodies are notably preserved in health.

Immovable Federal Servants

Condensed from The World's Work (February, '29)

Frederic F. Van De Water

IN March of this year a new tenant will move into the White House and 573,000 civilian employes of the Federal Government will have a new chief. Whether they keep their jobs or not depends, in theory, upon him. But there will be none of the ferocious scramble of the old "spoils system" which culminated in 1881, two years before the creation of the Civil Service Commission, in the killing of President Garfield by a thwarted office seeker.

Mr. Hoover will assume control amid astonishing serenity and stability; for the Federal service is no longer a grab bag, an auction. There are still about 18,000 offices that a new Administration can fill or empty at will; but balanced against these there are 555,000 jobs that have been made almost completely immune to the raids of the spoilsman.

Since the formation of the Civil Service Commission in 1883, the warfare against the patronage system has gone forward from victory to victory. Under Civil Service regulations, any department head may discharge any subordinate. But it is not easy to put the politician's fair-haired boy in the vacant place. The post must be filled by someone who has qualified for it — who has taken the examination and proved his capability. In the great majority of instances the task of getting a henchman a Federal post is not worth the effort.

"Politicians as a rule accept the situation gratefully," a Civil Service official says "Senators and Representatives know that for every man for whom they get a Federal post there are bound to be half a dozen aspirants disgruntled because they didn't get it. That doesn't help increase political popularity. It is simpler for the Congressman to say sadly, 'Bill, I've tried to get you the job, but that confounded Civil Service Commission stands in the way.' And so he is absolved."

The chief remaining booty of the spoilsman is found in the first, second, and third class postmasterships. These number 15,000 of the total 18,000 jobs still left. The Civil Service reaches out for them and has already absorbed the fourth-class postmasters, but Congress clings stubbornly to the last ditch of Federal patronage.

During the Wilson Administration it seemed for a time that this last extensive territory of the spoilsman had been captured. The Civil Service Commission was ordered to conduct examinations for the postmasterships in question, and the applicant obtaining the highest grade was automatically to be appointed, unless the runner-up had had military service, in which event he was to be chosen. Under this system the 15,000 jobs seemed to have been emancipated from politics.

Under President Harding patronage made a desperate and partly successful bid for its lost province. The law was revised. The Civil Service Commission still conducts examinations for postmaster, but any one of the highest three may be chosen. In most cases the person to whom the post has been promised by the party is appointed temporary postmaster before the examination takes place. This scares off other aspirants, and practically insures the temporary incumbent of a place among the highest three.

Next to the 15,000 postmasters, the most important stronghold of waning patronage is the Internal Revenue Bureau, created in a hurry and not yet under Civil Service. Other offices that a grateful Administration still may bestow upon the faithful are those of:

Federal judges, attorneys, and marshals; collectors, surveyors, special examiners, appraisers, and naval officers of the customs service; superintendents and assayers of mints; supervisers of the steamboat-inspecting service; commissioners of immigration and of naturalization, and the nontechnical heads of a few bureaus.

Add to these the President's Cabinet, the undersecretaries and assistant secretaries of departments, ambassadors, and ministers, and you have totaled all the gifts remaining to patronage for the reward of faithful partisans.

During the Harding Administration one move was made which looked like unnecessary interference in the working of a government department. There are a dozen different stories concerning what inspired it. They agree only in proclaiming that the President was ill-advised by his friends. This much is fact: The Bureau of Printing and Engraving shut down one evening; and before it opened next morning every official in charge had been dismissed "for the good of the service," and substitutes had taken their places.

It was rumored that widespread thefts had been uncovered in the bureau. Tumult and shouting and a nine-day sensation ensued, during which the allega-

tions were entirely disproved and a hornets' nest of denunciation buzzed about Mr. Harding's bewildered head. He had acted — for he believed what his friends had told him about the dishonesty of the bureau — on what had seemed to him the best reasons in the world, and no other single act of his Administration caused him more distress.

Many persons believe that this was an initial step in an attempt to raid the Civil Service protected departments in the name of political patronage. If so, the widespread squall of outrage that arose stopped the raiders in their tracks. There was no attempt at repetition.

There is a yearly turnover of 40,000 in the service, caused by promotion, resignation, death, and Presidential orders. These last rarely aggregate more than 250 in any year and almost without exception grant clerical positions without examination to widows of men who have died in the government service.

The diplomatic and consular services once used to be an Elysian field for the reward of political partisans, but recently they have been combined and immunized. Thus the foreign service stands now almost wholly without the realm of politics. In it men rise according to their own abilities. All its members are now "career men" who have chosen this sphere as their profession.

It is only reasonable to expect a new President to choose his Cabinet from among his friends. Politics may govern these appointments, but the controlling factor more often is the desire of a superior to have immediately under him men who understand and sympathize with his aims.

Ambassadors and ministers may be asked to resign when Administrations change, but this again simply expresses the President's desire to be represented abroad by men as close to him in friendship and comprehension as are his Cabinet officers.

Thus through the government the chiefs and assistant chiefs of the earlier administration may be replaced, but the rank and file, the warp and woof, the essential cogs of the government itself, remain practically intact.

There remain, after appointments have been made, 555,000 men and women of the Federal service whose jobs are permanent and secured against the political sack and rapine of half a century ago. There are only 18,000 jobs left to feed the multitude that demands that a victorious party reward its partisans. To the victors belong the spoils — what there is left of them.

Reconstruction and Prohibition

Condensed from The Atlantic Monthly (February, '29)

A. Lawrence Lowell, President of Harvard University

EVERY war brings a great wave of emotion, and when, with peace, that recedes in a low tide of feeling, it does not leave things as they were before. In the stress of war, a millennium seems within reach, and peoples strive for objects that in other times they would regard as unattainable.

Such an experience followed the Civil War. In that case rancor against the Southerners and philanthropy toward the negroes combined to produce the measures known as Reconstruction. The policy had such disastrous results that we now find it hard to attribute high motives to the men who approved it. Yet many of them had the best intentions. They were insisting on justice as they saw it — that is, absolute equality of every kind — for the oppressed negro.

Everyone knows the result: bad government by carpetbaggers supported by the ignorant vote of freedmen; economic and social distress; resistance by force and fraud. In most of the seceding states the right of the negro to vote could only be maintained by federal troops; and this was continued until President Hayes, elected by the party responsible for the policy of Reconstruction, decided to withdraw them. He saw that any attempt to fulfill the clear constitutional obligation would be both futile and demoralizing, and posterity has been convinced that he was right.

Thus a policy founded largely on a philanthropic impulse, sanctioned by the Constitution but impossible of execution, was finally abandoned without being repealed. Another amendment, not wholly dissimilar, has been adopted at the end of another war, and people are watching the results. Like Reconstruction, Prohibition was the work of people who had long advocated as a minority a reform which the war enabled them to carry into effect. As with Reconstruction, a vigorous dislike of the policy is making the practical enforcement of the law difficult if not impossible.

Prohibition had long been advocated in different parts of the country and had been adopted in various forms. One of these was local option. For many years the

enforcement of local option was hampered by the decision of the Supreme Court in the Original Package Case: the court held that merchandise in the original package in which it was shipped from another state was a subject of interstate commerce and could not be restricted by statutes of the states. Finally in 1913 Congress withdrew shipments of liquor from such protection. This is important to bear in mind, because people in discussing the Volstead Act may recall only the condition when states could not prevent the admission of liquor.

That the prohibitionists who urged the passage of the Eighteenth Amendment were actuated by the highest moral purpose no one has a right to doubt; that there was a real evil to combat is not less certain. There is almost no desire to restore the open saloon. But the question is whether, like Reconstruction, the policy went too far, and thereby imperiled the object in view.

When national prohibition went into effect men who had been used to serving wine on their tables were more concerned about obeying the law than they seem to be today. The host would sometimes remark that what he offered was not illegal, for it was pre-war purchase. Unfortunately one hears little of that now. Bootlegging has become a vast organization employing a large capital, and in most cities no one who wants liquor seems to find serious difficulty in getting it. In short, the law is not enforced, and as time goes on it seems to be less and less effective.

There is no reason to suppose that the national administration has been intentionally lax. But this is an offense which is not intrinsically immoral but has been made an offense by statute. And it is doubtful whether such sumptuary laws can ever be enforced against the resistance of a large minority. The public actually does not regard buying liquor for personal consumption as a crime; juries will not convict for it. On the other hand, it is almost mathematically demonstrable that the present practice of proceeding against bootleggers alone cannot be effectual, because the profit increases with the risk.

Public sentiment is sometimes in favor of a law, but against its enforcement. Perhaps this is a paradox, but people are not always consistent. Those who are enthusiastic about a measure strive earnestly to procure its enactment, and sometimes, when they have done so, they rest satisfied; while others who dislike the law are contented if it is not enforced.

Such an attitude might prove to be the path of least resistance

for the Eighteenth Amendment, were it not that it involves grave evils; for the present condition is very demoralizing. So long as an illegal and lucrative traffic is conducted on a large scale, supported by sales to citizens in good standing, while the public authorities endeavor to suppress it by force, the country is at odds with itself and our civil life is unhealthy.

Prohibition has no doubt done good. It has abolished the saloon; it has diminished the absence from the factory of workmen through drink, the waste of their wages, and the consequent suffering of their families. But it has done this at the cost of lowering the standards of many citizens and officials. In short, it seems to have been an economic benefit mixed with a distinct moral detriment. The object should be to retain the first of these and eliminate the second. Of course, if enforcement could be made thoroughly effective and maintained, the evils of the present condition might be removed. Whether this is possible should be considered, not sentimentally, but carefully in the light of experience. If, after such a study, enforcement appears to be feasible and desirable, it should be so administered as to be really effective, instead of being, as now, vexatious, demoralizing, and inefficient.

If, on the contrary, it should appear that the law as it now stands cannot be fully enforced, it should be modified in such a way as to abolish the open saloon, and to permit communities which desire and can carry out absolute exclusion of liquor to enjoy that privilege.

The future will depend upon the moderation of people with conflicting opinions, and especially upon that of the prohibitionists. If the men who carry hip flasks demand liberty to drink as they please, irrespective of the common welfare, bootleggers will be ready to supply them, and no compromise will be reached. If the prohibitionists insist that their law shall remain unabated, they will probably make enforcement impossible, hamper the growth of temperance, and perpetuate violation of the law and good order. This last is the most serious aspect of the matter.

As a people we have been law-abiding, not by compulsion from above, but from a sense of the fitness of things. The success of self-government is based on a confidence that one's neighbors will conform to the established rules of conduct, and anything that undermines that confidence strikes at the root of our civil life.

Ideals of Love and Marriage

Condensed from Current History (February, '29)

A Report by the Committee on Marriage and Home, appointed by the Federal Council of the Churches of Christ (Protestant) in America.

(See note inside back cover)

COUNTLESS young people in this land have seen in marriage an inspiring vision of devoted loyalty between one man and one woman. Most of our young people love like that at one time or another, and all of them desire to do so. They have entered into a relationship in marriage which to them has been deeply and consciously rooted in sex experiences and which they have thought of as natural but at the same time as spiritual; a relationship which is to be "not only life-long but life-wide in its extensions."

Now this is also the Christian concept of marriage as stated by our Lord Himself in words of extraordinary depth and power. A man, He said, is not to think adultery in his heart. He is to discipline himself as he would pluck out an offending eye. A man and woman in marriage "shall be one flesh" — that is to say, the union is organic; and it is God who unites them, which means that it is a profound biological-spiritual experience which comes out of the depths of life. The union is for life: "What therefore God hath joined together, let not man put asunder."

Love between the sexes and the love which expresses itself in religion are closely related. This does not mean that the two kinds of love have the same source; but rather that the devoted and enduring love of one man and one woman for each other is like the love of God; and that the realization of such a love is akin to religious experience.

This concept of marriage still prevails in the United States. It is sound and should be preserved at whatever cost, especially since other and lower ideals are contending for supremacy. The growth of a cynical attitude toward love, such as that which now appears in so much current literature, strikes at the best and most vital elements of our civilization. As has been said by André Maurois, "there is no doubt at all that it [romantic love] has been the inspiration for our noblest works of art and for the most resonant action in our history. Practically the entire

fabric of our Western civilization is born of a social system founded on respect for women and a belief in the inherent worth of love. . . . It is hard to conceive of any impulse for living which could replace its marvelous combination of physical desire and intellectual union."

But while all this is true, the intense emotions of early marriage must be transmuted into something hardier and more spiritual. Young people are first absorbed in each other; but they must also soon be absorbed in their children and in the work of the world. The sex instinct, which plays a great although indistinguishable part in early love, gradually takes its coordinated place in two lives sharing well-distributed interests. Surely young people should not only be encouraged to continue as lovers, as they may, but also should be instructed more carefully in the higher reaches and social demands of marriage, and the transmutations that must take place if it is to succeed. A resolute will to succeed no matter what comes, a refusal to yield to difficulties that are inevitable, are of great importance to strong home ties.

We should clearly recognize the fact that while sex is indeed a creative force, it is destructive as well. The savage conflicts among the males of wild animals are evidences of its terrible power. But they are inconsiderable as compared with the ravages of the same instinct in the human race. Marriage faces the primeval beast of lust and the delusive fascination of sex experience outside of marriage. Lust is not only responsible for prostitution and the white slave traffic, but for bestial vices and the most brutal of crimes. Thousands of marriages are wrecked by lust.

But the delusive fascination of sex experience outside of marriage is more dangerous to the home than lust. Lust is repulsive. It shows as a beast. Desire is so compelling, so like true love to the inexperienced, so related to the glamour and poetry of life, that its poison is the more deadly. Desire, alone, makes of man the philanderer. Desire passes with satiety. Love includes but sublimates desire. Love shines more brightly and in varying lights as desire passes into its spiritual fulfillments. The Christian ideal of marriage can therefore make no compromise with lax sex relations. No matter how great its compassion for youth, or how swift its redemptive action, the Church must speak as did Christ to the woman whom He refused to condemn to a shocking death, but to whom He said, "Go and sin no more."

The Christian concept of marriage cannot be considered apart from the new idea of companionate marriage. Companionate marriage, when first proposed, was an ordinary marriage except that the husband and wife were not to have children. It is now put forward as a remedy for the great evil of pre-marital sex experiences by the young; and also as a relief from the strain of the sex instinct and the inability of youth, for economic reasons or because they are students, to enter into early marriages.

The proposal now includes the idea of trial marriage. It is hoped by its advocate that companionate marriage will be entered into romantically with the desire for life-long companionship, and that in most cases it will pass into permanent marriage. But, in any event, there will be a period of experience or trial during which young people may discover whether they can live together happily and whether it is desirable that they should have children.

The chief danger of companionate marriage is that it puts sex desire first. Sex desire, although one of the normal instincts of the body and one of the most powerful, should never be put first. To do so is to degrade not only the mind but sex itself. Sex experience is elevating and wholesome to body and mind only when it is under moral restraint and when it is transmuted into a spiritual experience by love and devotion.

Companionate marriage also gives a wrong start to marriage by the ideal which it holds before the young. It starts them off with self-regarding motives and raises the doubt as to the future. This is psychologically unfortunate and puts marriage on a distinctly low level.

Divorce by mutual consent is also proposed in companionate marriage. Our knowledge of the proper grounds for divorce is still limited and needs infinite study. But this much can be said: easy divorce is of greater concern to women than to men. Under divorce by mutual consent women almost inevitably find themselves quickly at a disadvantage. This is shown by the experience of Russia. Twice already the marriage laws have been modified and made more stringent to protect wives and children.

The committee believes that companionate marriage would prove anti-social. Marriage should set out to be permanent. Companionate is a noble word, applying to every man and woman well mated, but it should not be degraded by being fastened to any form of trial marriage. [*To be concluded in the April Digest*]

George Washington — Business Man

Condensed from Nation's Business (February, '29)

Professor Albert Bushnell Hart

GEORGE WASHINGTON, of course, was a landowner. That is, his prime business was to run landed estates. Altogether he had 9000 acres of land, pretty much in one body along the Potomac including Mount Vernon. It was a declining business when he inherited it, and his responsibility was to make it pay if he could.

He was the first Virginian to see that the land was played out from raising tobacco crops. So he turned to the culture of wheat. He built a mill and sent his wheat into the market under his own brand. According to the custom of the time he put up a distillery in order to make a different disposition of a part of his product. He sought diversification in agriculture. He raised blooded stock of a superior kind. The King of Spain made him a present of a very valuable jack, and he raised mules and apparently raised them to advantage.

Furthermore, Washington was a natural accountant, and the proof of this is in his diaries and account books. He kept his records in a clear, legible hand. He kept them according to the customs of the times. That is, he recorded whatever went on. His diaries have been published in four volumes but they tell you nothing of what Washington thought; merely what he did.

He was an analytic bookkeeper, and I suspect one of the first in America. Hence we find his accounts very carefully subdivided. We find an account for each plantation, a general account, how much he gained out of wheat, how much from tobacco, how many slaves he had, and so on.

Washington loved to keep books. One of his biographers has calculated his losses in gaming. He lost 75 pounds in a year, and he kept the account and added it up. But the biographer fails to notice that on the other side of the page Washington put down his winnings. His winnings were 70 pounds. That is, he was five pounds to the good, because, after all, he had had the fun of it and the fun must have been worth at least 10 pounds.

Washington imported the best agricultural implements that he could hear of. He introduced seeds, he planted cuttings, he

raised trees and shrubs. He was a creative farmer. At least he made a living out of the farm, and left it much more valuable than he found it.

Again, he was a surveyor by profession. He loved to handle the surveying instruments. He loved the exactness of the science. He loved to get things right. Furthermore, he was a traveler and explorer. He visited all the states there were at that time in an attempt to make himself familiar with them. I do not know of any American of his time who traveled so widely. He had been up on the Mohawk. He had been out on the western rivers. He was much interested in the scenery that he saw in various parts of the country.

Everybody is aware that Washington laid out the District of Columbia. He selected the ten-mile square, and he had it surveyed. What is more, he invested his own capital in real estate there, and built some brick houses, intending them to serve as residences for Congressmen.

Even more important, Washington was the first man who understood and appreciated the significance of the West. When in 1754 he was sent out as the messenger of the Virginia government, under directions from England, to warn the French to keep out of the valley of the Ohio, he wrote an account of his journey in his Journal, which is one of the most fascinating books of travel ever written by an American. We know that it was actually read by the King of England. It made Washington, next to Franklin, the most famous literary man in America for the time being.

He was the first reclamation engineer in the history of the English colonies. He took hold of the problem of the great Dismal Swamp. A company was formed; he was its executive. He reclaimed something like half the swamp which presumably has remained good land to this day. What is more, he made a handsome profit, for himself and the stockholders. He had no instruction in engineering, but simply took advantage of whatever opportunities came his way.

He was the first man who attempted to "realize" in the West. He went out there early. He received certain soldiers' bounty rights. He bought up the bounties of others. Hence he has been accused of robbing the other soldiers, because he bought their claims when nobody else would.

Washington located on the north side of the Ohio River a very considerable tract of land. He said somewhere that "it is not to be supposed that those who were first upon the ground were inattentive to the advan-

tages of the situation." That is, he took good land where he could get it. He had a running fight all his life, however, to maintain his titles.

Washington was a builder of canals; and the canal was the first engineering effort to create long arteries of communication which would bind different parts of the Union together. It is curious that to Washington is due the first suggestion of canals penetrating into the mountains, through the valleys of the Potomac and the James. Both of those lines were eventually built. Of course, he knew that there must be some wagon transit across the mountains, and he made a rough survey of the route. Washington went over a considerable part of the tract that was later followed by the first line of the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad. Throughout his public life he believed intensely in the development of the West, and of the canals as a means of reaching it.

What is more, it is established by the best historical evidence that the first man to conceive of an Erie Canal was George Washington. He was the first man to envisage a continuous water route from the ocean to the Great Lakes by way of Otsego Lake and Lake Ontario. That was the original Erie Canal. Furthermore, he foresaw exactly what has been in the mind of another engineer-statesman of our own time, the President-elect; namely, the possibility of linking the Great Lakes with the Mississippi tributaries, particularly the Ohio, by a system of canals. In 1783 he wrote about it like a prophet. Some of those canals were built, and there is now a project, as everybody knows, for a great system of internal waterways in that region. But Washington was the first business man to see that possibility.

Beyond that, Washington was a financier, a fact that has been clouded and obscured. We are in the habit of thinking of Washington as a frontiersman, then as an elegant young man in Virginia, then as a tough soldier. But he was also a stockholder in the Bank of England. After the Revolution that bank set a splendid example to all banks. It paid for the stock and it paid dividends in full. The mere detail that Washington had been the principal agent in depriving England of her fairest group of colonies and her greatest opportunity for expansion did not stand in the minds of honest and foresighted bankers. Washington's knowledge of finance was of tremendous service to his country when he helped to create the financial institutions which in the early days of the Republic were indispensable for its continuance.

Washington made one of the most remarkable wills of all time. Without legal advice he created what I suppose to have been one of the first trusts for wills established in America. He appointed a board of executors and, after certain specific bequests, divided the remainder into 23 shares: money, as it came in, was to be distributed in twenty-thirds.

Washington was a great employer of labor. At one time he suggested making the purchase "of a cargo of Germans." That did not mean they were to be slaves. It meant that the Germans were to come over on the ordinary seven-year contract. There were many such cases. Oliver Wendell Holmes was the direct descendant of a Scotchman who was sold for seven years, and whose name was not Holmes at all. It was McComb. McComb wrote home at times and that is why the name Holmes stuck to him.

The point is that many indentured men and women became leaders. Washington held both indentured servants and slaves, and in his will he set the slaves free. He said he had not done it before because there were so many intermarriages between his slaves and those of Mrs. Custis that it would have been a difficult matter. What is more, he established a fund for the support of those who had been in his service for many years, so that the old slaves would not be left in want. It was nearly 40 years before the last of them died off. Out of all the southern planters of that period who objected to the principle of human slavery, George Washington and John Randolph were the only ones who actually freed their slaves.

Washington was greatly interested in education. The proof lies in the fact that he was a college president. That is, he was nominally — chancellor of William and Mary College for years. He sent his own nephews to various colleges, and was much interested in Yale, Princeton, and Harvard. He himself was a self-educated man. He had a good library, though we do not know how much of it he read.

In conclusion, it may be said of Washington that he set an example of skill, inflexible honesty, and sound accounting to the whole nation, and he enforced it so far as was humanly possible upon the government on which he set his stamp.

Flying Finance

Condensed from Plain Talk (February, '29)

Guy McConnell

IT was at a dinner at the Waldorf where I first dipped into American commercial aviation. The man at my right had made a negative impression on me till the toastmaster introduced him as one of the speakers of the evening. When he rose and began to talk I suddenly realized that he was a promoter with an extraordinary memory for facts and a convincing directness. He talked concisely, eloquently and thrillingly. His subject was aerial transportation, the next basic industry in the United States, and everybody present hung in fascination on his words.

When he sat down, I turned to him impulsively. When we parted, he handed me his card. "Come to see me at my hotel," he said.

I am still thoroughly sold on his proposition. He showed me the company's charter, granted by a distant state, and the "exclusive" license from the Public Utilities Commission of that state. I swallowed the thing whole as did many of my hard-headed business friends. The fact that he carried his company in his vest pocket seemed not unusual, since, as he explained, he did not think it prudent to tie the company into an office lease until he had looked the ground over thoroughly. He inclined to a Broadway show-room with a model plane and advertising literature handed out by a girl in aviatrix costume who would be smart enough to jot down names and addresses.

Yes, there was a plane, a tri-motor Ford, a ten-seater. He used it when surveying his route, which stretched over 26 "key" cities. Ten months were spent on that survey, and everywhere he dropped down, business clubs, townsfolk, and newspapers acclaimed him. He appointed local directors, prominent men, and set out to sell 1000 sightseeing rides of 70 miles for $100 a ride on a deposit of a minimum of $25 per passenger, the rides not to be given until the full $100,000 was in hand, at which time each passenger was to receive a share of stock, no-par value.

"With that $100,000 I can buy two of the new tri-motored Fords on a 60-day option I hold at $42,500 a plane. After 60 days, the cost will jump to $60,000 apiece," he explained. From a

satchel in the closet of his sitting-room he dragged a bundle of red slips. They were the forms used in selling the $100 rides and on each was marked in ink the amount of the initial deposit.

"I have five men out selling those rides. They go like hot cakes," he declared.

What became of that "deposit" money I do not know. I had no hand in that end of the promotion.

I asked for a financial statement. He said one would be forthcoming after the next meeting of the board. Then he brought forth an "audit" prepared by a well-known firm of public accountants. This was the keystone of all his estimates. The figures supposedly were supplied by the Ford-Stout Service, based on commercial flying experience of more than 1,000,000 miles between Detroit and Cleveland. Operating costs were calculated in detail, so as to arrive at a working estimate of the cost per passenger per flying mile, and what we might reasonably anticipate in net earnings, after paying dividends. Our net profits approximated 30 percent.

It looked like a gold mine to me. I said: "Where can I fit in?"

He wanted publicity. "A good story in the newspapers would be worth $1000," he intimated. "I want connections and a strong local board." He offered me a vice-presidency and an attractive contract. So I signed on the dotted line.

I got him newspaper space. Friends of mine bought blocks of stock. I took him before powerful people. Plans were laid for 100 "Trail-Blazers," each to take $1000 worth of stock "as a flyer."

Our stock, a ten percent offering, was moving sluggishly. We were capitalized for $1,000,000. Our brokerage house was an obscure, "across-the-counter" house. He complained to me about their lethargy. "It was because they were air-minded that I tied up with them, but I can cancel the contract at any moment," he said. "They have not fulfilled it."

When I repeated this to the brokers, they grinned. They said that the shoe was on the other foot. He owed them more than $4000, besides a personal debt.

The first check for services that he gave me came back from the bank protested. The same thing happened to the second and third. He covered all three with cash and offered elaborate explanations. Then my salary became overdue, and I learned from his brokers that he had tried to borrow more money from them and had been refused flatly. I resigned. Within a few days he went away on a trip. He has not yet returned.

Since this experience I have learned much about the many railroads of the sky in course of projection or actual construction, and have seen where they are chaff and where they are grain. Along with certain major operations soundly financed there is the shoe-string promoter, the dreaming, impractical aviator, and the obsessed inventor. Right now, hundreds of thousands of circulars advertising commercial aviation stocks are streaming into the mail bags.

Commercial aviation is here. Never doubt that. There are to be sky-trains, sky-buses, filled with people, mail, express and freight. Rail, water, concrete highways and the air are to interlink within an incredibly short period. But the whole project is still, largely speaking, an unfulfilled, if practical dream. Will it become a paying investment? Or, will millions upon millions of dollars be baited from the national pocketbook into commercial aviation as it was in the pioneering days of railways, automobiles, motion pictures, and radio?

I have been through the "insides" of this new and magically promising industry. I know why America has been so slow in entering this new field. Questions of equipment, motors, factory costs, inability to reach quantity output and a host of fascinating technical details enter into the explanation. So, also, the routing of lanes and the establishment of airports — problems not to be solved in a day.

The investor who looks for quick returns is doomed to disappointment. If he buys unlisted stock he may as well lock his certificates in his safe. They may or may not become valuable.

How is he to discriminate when buying? Excepting those few American commercial lines that have been in operation over a period of time sufficient to gain financial experience, where the investor can get a financial statement and thus be guided, only those major projects linked with tangible assets, such as the railroad and steamship lines, and companies such as the Pan American, with its subsidies and hard-rock board as well as its showing to date, together with some of the far-west lines, companies whose major financing is assured, might be said to be basic in principle.

All the others are air gambles.

Britain's Young Man of Destiny

Condensed from the New York Times Magazine (January 27, '29)

Sir Philip Gibbs

WHAT destiny awaits that young man, the Prince of Wales, whose personality has won the heart of the world? How will he shape up to the duties of kingship when the burden of the crown is laid upon his boyish head? Will he be crushed by its weight and lose his individuality, his sense of humor, his devil-may-care gallantry?

It is no exaggeration to say that this young man has been adopted by the world as the Prince of Youth. When the illness of King George recalled him from the wilds of Africa and he made a record dash to his father's bedside, the American people gave him first place in the day's news. The Germans called him "the Prince," as though he belonged to them, and they speak of him, as I know, with affectionate admiration. In France it is the same. There is always a cheer when his face is shown on the screen in Paris or the provinces.

People have heard tales about his willfulness, but they like it. He has the reputation of being a philanderer; quick to spot a pretty girl. Well, even the sternest old Puritan relaxes the line of his lips. "Boys will be boys." He is reported to be keen on jazz, night clubs, parties where prohibition is not rigidly enforced, to say the least. A modern Prince Hal, says the world, who one day, poor lad, will have to turn his back on boon companions and frivolous delights and steady down to kingship. "Don't grudge him a good time while he can get it," says the man on the street.

I remember seeing him on the morning when his father was proclaimed King by the heralds at St. James's Palace. A small boy then, called David by his family, he stood watching the ceremony over the garden wall of Marlborough House. Did he understand then that one day the trumpets would sound again for him and that heralds would proclaim him in his turn King of Great Britain and Ireland and the Dominions Beyond the Seas, Emperor of India, Defender of the Faith? He looked wide-eyed and wondering.

I saw him again when he was invested at Carnarvon Castle as Prince of Wales. In the hot sun blazing down between castle walls where 100,000 people waited for

his coming, he appeared like a figure from an old fairy tale, dressed like a medieval prince in white silk embroidered with gold. He was very shy and solemn that day and had none of his future jauntiness.

It was the war that developed his character. He was out in France early as a "pup" Lieutenant, and was rather at a loose end before he served with the Welsh Guards. Nobody bothered about him much. He saluted Generals and Colonels as respectfully as any other young officer. He was unrecognized except by a few of us when he rode on a "push bike" along the roads of war crowded with guns and transport and marching troops.

Later, with the Guards, when he had a real job to do, he lost some of his shyness and became a typical young subaltern like thousands of other boys of his age in France. He joined them in their "binges" behind the line, in old estaminets where there was good red wine and a pretty girl or two to wait on them and a piano out of which some talented fellow could get a tune.

He went up to the front line under shellfire, and through the ruins of towns still "strafed" by enemy guns. At Vermelles one day he left his car behind a broken wall and went to the front line, with its piled sandbags. When he came back he found his driver with his head blown off. It was not the only time he missed the same fate by a yard or two, and did not turn a hair. He saw the abominations of war. He saw its massacre of youth. And he found, as others found, the comradeship, the laughter, the sense of deadly adventure which made life more precious while it lasted.

On one morning toward the end when thrones were toppling in Europe and kings were slipping off to exile he came down into the Guards' mess and announced in a cheery voice, "Crowns are cheap today, gentlemen!"

After the war he visited most of the British Dominions, year by year, and there is no heir to the throne who has known the empire so well. He has a special fondness for his Canadian ranch, where he lives with great simplicity, friendly with his neighbors and keen on a sing-song in the evening or any kind of game.

He has a supply of nervous energy which he must liberate or choke. During his voyages about the world the great anxiety of his attendants was to get him to bed at a decent hour. They needed sleep after deck games which had made their bones ache. At last he would yawn and go to his stateroom. Thank God for that! The others would say good night and turn in, with the ex-

ception of a conspirator or two. After half an hour or so the Prince would reappear, bright and merry, ready for a little amateur work with the orchestra, a rough-and-tumble in the saloon. Inexhaustible!

He suffers real tortures at a formal banquet where he has to sit through dull speeches. As the dinner proceeds he becomes more and more melancholy. He sighs deeply. He is restless in his chair. If only he could get up and dance, or start a sham fight. But to sit still for three hours!

He is not a mere philanderer of life, as some people imagine, just devoted to sport and amusement. He has a serious and even spiritual aspect to his character, as may be seen in his devotion to a society known as Toc H, which lights lamps of remembrance to comrades who fell in the war. The Prince takes part in the religious ceremonies of this society with a spiritual sincerity which no one can doubt.

He has no "side" whatever, unless people try to take advantage of his good nature. Then he can freeze them with a steely glance. He will talk to a stableboy or a cabman exactly as he talks to a duke.

The English people, young and old, of all classes, have a romantic love for the Prince of Wales. And yet they are a little anxious about him. They are not only afraid that he may break his neck one day by taking a reckless chance, but some of them are afraid that he may break his heart or his spirit. The inevitable restraints of his high position may spoil him. They suspect that he has given his heart to some lady whom he cannot marry for reasons of State or social rank, but there is no such reason which would weigh with them if he said, "Here is the lady of my love!" They build up all sorts of stories, without any evidence, to account for his long bachelorhood.

They are anxious lest when the crown is placed on his head they may find that he turns suddenly into a careworn man. Some remember that "Bonnie Prince Charlie" did not fulfill the promise of his gallant youth.

Personally I believe that when the Prince becomes King, he will show himself as a gentleman of the old tradition, courageous, keen, simple, a lover of England, a friend of all good fellows in the world. As the world's favorite, he has an international influence which he could use for conciliation and peace. He may play a good game for England and the younger generation everywhere, not finding it too boring as Edward, Rex et Imperator, good sportsman and unafraid. That is our hope for him.

Industry and the Corn-Field

Condensed from The Magazine of Business (February, '29)

John H. Miller

A VISITING European chemist recently declared that we have just passed through the "iron age," and are now entering the "cellulose age." Some 40,000 technical papers have been written about it in the last 50 years, a British scientist estimates, and yet no chemist knows what cellulose, or "cell stuff" really is!

We comb our hair with cellulose; we dress in it; we ride in automobiles painted with it; we go to see films made of it; we read it; we live in houses made of it; we fight wars made of it. Our greatest industrial hunger today is for cellulose.

It is surely a happy coincidence, therefore, that the bulk of the waste products of agriculture, most wasteful and most needy of all major industries, are cellulosic materials. If more of what the farmer produces can be put to profitable use in industry, farm income has a chance to mount steadily. In that direction might lie a lasting form of farm relief.

It is easy to get lost in this great subject. Let us therefore confine ourselves to a single portion of it — making an everyday product, paper, out of the most abundant of all agricultural wastes, corn-stalks. After 100 years of experimentation, it now appears that this is about to be accomplished on a commercial scale.

On October 19, 1928, the first car-load of corn-stalk pulp ever shipped to a paper mill was turned into paper by the Kalamazoo Vegetable Parchment Company. On December 15 *The Prairie Farmer* published a special edition of over 250,000 copies, the first magazine ever printed on corn-stalk paper; on the following day, the Danville (Illinois) *Commercial-News* issued the first corn-stalk newspaper. *Farm Products in Industry* by Dr. George M. Rommel was the first "corn-stalk book."

Paper consumption in the United States has almost doubled in the ten years past. In 1927 it was 12,000,000 tons, and no limit to this expansion is yet in sight. Every year more and more uses are found for paper. Unit packing is applied to everything from groceries, once sold in bulk and now put up in attractive paper cartons, to 25- or 50-pound boxes

of coal, which the buyer throws, box and all, into the furnace, thus doing away with shoveling and coal dust. Agriculture itself is experimenting with the growing of crops under paper. Solving this problem is one of the 50 new ways to make a million dollars, which Roger W. Babson enumerated in a recent address. Meanwhile our pulp-wood forests are moving just a little farther away, each year.

In 14 weeks each summer, somewhere between 100,000,000 and 200,000,000 tons of corn-stalks, almost all of which are wasted, grow on American farms. For the rapidity with which it stores up the sun's energy, the corn plant is one of the most efficient machines known. A corn-field is a forest that grows in 90 days!

It takes about three tons of stalks to make one ton of paper. A little arithmetic shows us that if all the paper in the United States in 1927 had been made from corn-stalks, only one-sixth to one-third of the total supply would have been used. But, according to Professor O. R. Sweeny of Iowa State College, there are some 3000 things, already known and listed, that could be made from the corn-stalks left over. He exhibits lumber and cork substitutes, some soft, some hard as teak. He has a green toad made of corn-stalk papier-maché, and in contrast, a dark reddish material so hard that he has made nuts and bolts from it. He shows a bottle of furfural, a colorless liquid extracted from corncobs. A million pounds a year of furfural are now being made from oat hulls by the Quaker Oats Company. Furfural is a substitute for formaldehyde and other antiseptics. It can also be used as a motor fuel. The price is already down to nine cents a pound; gasoline is two to three cents.

But to get back to our subject — paper from corn-stalks:

The process was invented by Dr. Bela Dorner, technical director of the Royal Hungarian Railways. This process, which is being used under license, has been able to utilize the entire corn-stalk, leaves, knodes, knuckles, and all, in such a way that the pith in the center of the stalk acts as a cement to hold together the short, but crinkly, cellulose fibers.

The resulting paper has proved surprisingly strong. Board for shipping cartons, made from corn-stalk pulp, or a pulp in which it is blended, shows astonishing bursting strength and rigidity; in some comparisons several times that of straw or wood pulp boards of the same weight.

Corn-stalk paper, when you hold it up to the light and look

through it, appears to have a close, even, firm texture. It does not tear readily. It waterproofs easily. A piece treated so held water for 24 hours, though 45 minutes is ordinarily considered a satisfactory test for waterproof paper.

Offhand, one would think that it is simple to buy for little or nothing something that heretofore has been worse than useless. That, however, is not the case; human nature is not so simple.

Any man who sees a new industrial use developing for a raw material that he owns is liable to become convinced that he has a bonanza. Farm magazines have had much to say about it. Chemical wood pulp now sells for $50 to $85 a ton. What should the farmer get for his stalks, then? Surely, several dollars an acre.

In reply to such a question from the editor of a leading farm paper, it was recently stated:

"Until new machinery is perfected and harvesting methods further refined, it is going to require the best engineering and operating effort to keep down costs of collecting corn-stalks to a point where this industry can maintain an advantage over the wood-pulp manufacturer in respect to raw material."

So far the best plan seems to be one where the company harvests the farmer's corn for him, taking the stalks in payment. If the farmer wants to help, he receives wages for helping to harvest his own crop. Efficient harvesting methods must be devised. To this end engineers are coöperating to develop a special corn-harvesting machine which will cut the corn, pick, husk, and shell the ears, and shred and bale the stalks at a single operation. At present the cost of stalks delivered to the factory has been around $8 or $10 a ton.

Two cords of wood yield one ton of chemical pulp; a scanty three tons of corn-stalks are required to do the same thing. If wood costs $15 a ton at the factory, then it costs $30 to buy enough to make one ton of chemical pulp, which means that the corn-stalk pulp maker could pay $10 a ton and be on a par with the wood-pulp man who pays $15 a cord.

This is a greatly simplified statement of the cost problem involved, but it will serve to illustrate the general relationship between the old and the new industry.

There are plenty of men now living who can remember when cotton seeds were waste products. Last year the United States Department of Commerce commented on a saving of $256,027,431 in one year from the use of cotton seeds.

Cannot what has happened once happen again?

What Noise Does to Us

Condensed from Hygeia (January, '29)

Donald A. Laird

WITH the increase of scientific knowledge about noise, many home builders are considering how to keep irritating and fatigue-generating noises out of the places in which we live. The tremendous growth of motor transportation has increased many fold the noise that bombards the home and there is scientific evidence that we have to pay a price for it in health and fatigue.

The average person often has to be convinced that noise is harmful. Many persons are adversely affected by noises without their realizing it; as experiments plainly reveal. In this respect most people are like the frog that can be slowly boiled alive if the temperature of the water in which he is placed is raised by slight degrees to the boiling point. This is the phenomenon of sensory adaptation, or dulling. The sensitive nerve terminal in our ears become dulled in like fashion so that we do not think that we mind the noise, even though it is harming us.

In primitive times noise often meant the approach of danger, and even now our nervous system responds to it with a fear reaction. Sudden loud sounds alter the breathing rate, cause heart changes, and tighten the muscles. So do other less intense noises, like the sounds of an average city. The typist in a noisy office, for example, burns up her bodily energy about 20 per cent more rapidly than if she were in a quiet office. This is a part of the price she has to pay for the moderate fear reaction.

The effects of noise on sleep are interesting. Scientists at the University of Michigan some years ago found that the noise of a passing taxicab raised the blood pressure of a sleeper, although he was not awakened. Experimenters in Colgate laboratory discovered last year that the slight noise made by walking past a sleeper's bed on tiptoe increased the sleeper's muscle tension almost to waking, although he did not waken and later did not know that anyone had been near him. A pernicious feature of noise disturbances is that the body change lasts for as much as half an hour afterward.

Sleeping rooms, particularly

those of children, should be guarded against household noises, such as the radio, conversation, and laughter. The doors of their sleeping rooms should be fitted with felt or soft rubber weather stripping. It is astonishing how much noise can seep into a room through a tiny crevice or a keyhole. A radio loudspeaker fastened to the wall has a devilish tendency to send sounds throughout the entire house.

Most of the damaging noise, however, comes from outside the house, and cannot be kept out except by expensive construction. Yet some of it may be attacked by absorbing or blotting inside the house.

In an empty house you have doubtless noticed how your voice and footsteps vibrate through the bare rooms. This is due to the walls reflecting rather than absorbing the sound waves.

As soon as the house is occupied many of these reverberations disappear because rugs and draperies absorb noise. Materials that have this power of absorbing sound to a high degree can be used to reduce noise. Ordinary lace or net curtains absorb little noise. Heavy velour drapes, which hang in folds, have great absorption value. Cretonne helps but little in producing quiet. Leather upholstering has no absorption value. Tapestry has slight absorption. Preference should be given to upholstered chairs, because bare wood chairs have little value in absorbing noise. Velvet table runners help to add more absorption units to the house.

Floor coverings can be chosen to give greater quietness. A thick pile rug has great powers to absorb outside noises. It is astonishing how much quieter a room becomes if every inch of floor is covered. Linoleum and rubber floor coverings do not help in noise control except for making footsteps less noisy. They absorb almost no noise waves. Folding screens can be covered with sound absorbing material in place of the traditional burlap and more sound-absorbing units brought into the house with beneficial results.

Three practical things to bear in mind about your home are: We have to pay a price for noise; we should keep all possible noise out of the house, and all possible noise should be absorbed after it forces its way into the house. These will help make a better, more healthful home in which to live.

Stuff and Nonsense

Excerpts from The North American Review (February, '29)

Donald Rose

"Stuff and Nonsense" for the past four years has been a small "monthly magazine of no importance," written and published by Donald Rose. Now the magazine has fortunately been lifted from its former comparative obscurity by becoming a regular feature, of about eight pages, in the North American Review.

Mr. Rose makes this comment: "'Stuff and Nonsense' will continue to be a Magazine for Middlebrows. And what is a Middlebrow? He who can endure both stuff and nonsense without pain or protest is a Middlebrow. He who can not is a Highbrow or a Lowbrow. It is a perfectly obvious and practically invaluable distinction."

The delightful quality of Mr. Rose's humor is revealed in the following satire on —

THE BOOK COLLECTING GAME

STEP into my library with me. Here is one of the prizes of my collection. A *Sears-Roebuck Catalogue* of 1914, in its original covers and complete except for the order blank. Very rare indeed, and a real treasure, though I shall never be quite satisfied until I replace it with a perfect copy. Your true collector knows no second-best satisfactions.

In the glass case is my set of *Bell Telephone Directories* for South Jersey. Not complete, of course; I don't suppose any man in the world has a perfect set. The jewel of the lot is the Spring Edition of 1921, with the blue cover instead of the usual buff. The reason for the difference is one of those romantic tales which give this book collecting game its inexhaustible fascination. Most collectors are satisfied with the buff copy and never realize that they have what is virtually a second edition. On page 87 of my copy there is a wrong number. I'm not exaggerating at all, a genuine wrong number. It was, of course, discovered almost immediately, and a new edition was issued at enormous expense. It's a long story, but to those who know its details a buff copy is virtually valueless. My dear wife gave me this treasure on my eightieth birthday.

Here is my *Stamp Catalogue* for

1898. Practically complete and fully watermarked; it was left out in the rain during the panic of 1907. And this is the *Prospectus* of the New York Automobile Show for 1908. I should like to tell how I obtained it, but there are people still living whose reputations are somewhat involved. I need not tell you that this little book, the *Wanamaker Diary* for 1918, is quite priceless. I have tried everywhere to get a price for it, and nobody can begin to estimate its value. I have also some desk diaries of the late nineties that are extremely rare, and a beautiful copy of the *Methodist Hynmal* with annotations in a hand which may quite possibly be Walt Whitman's.

That fine collector, the late Mr. Morgan, paid $25,000 for a book that is practically identical with the one you hold in your hand. It is the same size, color and thickness, though they differ somewhat in subjects, authors and publication dates. My own copy has no colophon, but it may never have had any. And on the high shelf is my set of Third Readers. I have always had a personal weakness for Third Readers. First and Second Readers hardly touch me at all, but I can't resist a Third Reader. You must remember that book collecting has tremendous educational possibilities. I hope eventually to reach an appreciation of Fourth Readers or even Fifth and Sixth. But alas, life is so short!

Before you go, let me show you my choicest prize. A genuine copy of *The Bartenders' Guide* autographed by Jerry himself. A quaint and lovely book. I was offered ten thousand for it, right in this room, just last week. A friend of mine — I can't tell you his name, but he may yet be known as one of the great collectors of America — offered me five thousand at first and by midnight was up to ten and still going. But I didn't care to sell and it was getting late anyway, so I loaned him a dime for carfare and he went home heartbroken. That's the way it is with this book-collecting game; sunshine and shadow, tragedy and comedy, triumphs and disappointments.

But I digress. I hear that a copy of the *Postal Regulations* for 1905 has turned up at a private sale. I must lay down my pen — regretfully indeed — and go after it before Dr. Rosenbach hears of it.

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BRUCE BARTON (p. 642), author of "The Man Nobody Knows" and "The Book Nobody Knows," has had a brilliant career as editor, writer, and business man. He is the son of Rev. Dr. William E. Barton, former Moderator of the National Council of Congregational Churches.

MARK SULLIVAN (p. 646) will be remembered as the author of the "History of The United States in Our Own Time." He is a constant contributor to various magazines on historical and political subjects.

LAURA A. WHITE (p. 649) is a member of the faculty at the University of Wyoming.

KATHARINE FULLERTON GEROULD (p. 652) is distinguished both as an essayist and short-story writer. She is the wife of Professor Gordon Hall Gerould of Princeton University.

FRANK PARKER STOCKBRIDGE (p. 655) is an author, editor, and journalist who makes his home in Jacksonville, Florida.

PROFESSOR IRVING FISHER (p. 664) is Professor of Economics at Yale University.

JAMES WELDON JOHNSON (p. 537) is secretary of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People. He has composed light opera music, held several consular posts, and written several books including "The Book of American Negro Spirituals."

WILL ROGERS (p. 673) is too well known as a humorist to need introduction. It is of interest that in the midst of the present theatrical season, which is proving a notably bad one for many New York producers, the show of which Mr. Rogers is the star is a conspicuous success.

EARNEST ELMO CAULKINS (p. 676) is senior partner in a prominent advertising concern in New York City.

RAYMOND LESLIE BUELL (p. 679) was influential at the Pan-American Conference in Havana, where he represented the Foreign Policy Association.

DR. E. E. FREE (p. 682) is a very versatile scientist. He has served as editor of the Scientific American, teacher at New York University, major in the Chemical Warfare Service, research soil chemist for the government, and President of the New York Electrical Society. He owns and edits his own news service, "The Week's Science," and is a research associate of both the Carnegie Institution at Washington and the Massachusetts Institute of Technology.

JESSE RAINSFORD SPRAGUE (p. 688) has been a shopkeeper himself: he was in retail business in Newport News and San Antonio before he turned to writing. In preparation for this article he visited many towns, talking to the merchants along the main streets; it is the consensus of their opinion that he puts into the mouth of an old-time shopkeeper.

DONALD A. CADZOW (p. 698) was a trader in Alaska at the age of 17, and learned enough about Eskimos and Indians to cause him to take up anthropology. He has led expeditions for the Heye Foundation and the Museum of the American Indian.

DR. HARRY EMERSON FOSDICK (p. 700) is a clergyman who has swayed public thought, through spoken and written words, as few American clergymen have done. He teaches at Union Theological Seminary in New York and writes "because I want to get the message of religion to as many people as I can."

EDWARD W. BOK (p. 706) came to America as an immigrant at an early age, and achieved fame as editor of the Ladies' Home Journal from 1889 to 1919. Since then he has been devoting himself to public service. He says, "I have ventured to write of the Mountain Lake Sanctuary because it was an idea brought to realization by other men. Hence I feel that I may praise their unquestionably marvellous work the same as is the privilege of any other person."

CORNELIA H. DAM (p. 709) is chief of the educational department of the archeology division of the Museum of the University of Pennsylvania.

A. LAWRENCE LOWELL (p. 714), President of Harvard University, is a leading citizen of the state that has just voted for the repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment by a majority exceeding 280,000.

IDEALS OF LOVE AND MARRIAGE (p. 717). The full membership of the Committee on Marriage and Home, appointed by the Federal Council of Churches of Christ in America, is large and its personnel distinguished and representative of many denominations. For the production of this report on Ideals of Love and Marriage a small committee of direction was formed, consisting of Rev. Howard C. Robbins, Rev. John W. Elliott, Mrs. Abel Gregg, Rev. John A. Marquis, Mrs. John D. Rockefeller, Jr., Mrs. Robert E. Speer and Bishop James Cannon, Jr. After this committee had worked long and meticulously, its report was submitted to the larger committee, and finally received approval. The report is, therefore, authoritative for the committee.

PROFESSOR ALBERT BUSHNELL HART (p. 720), who has been on the staff of Harvard's department of history since 1883, is resentful of these new historians who would make Washington a loose-living rake. To him Washington is a statesman and the best business man of his day.

SIR PHILIP GIBBS (p. 727) is a distinguished English novelist and author.